

JAMESTOWN
TRIBUTE *and* TOASTS
JULIA WYATT BULLARD



1607

1907





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Jamestown Tributes and Toasts

JULIA WYATT BULLARD

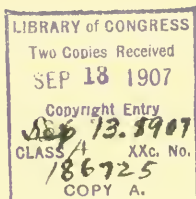


Illustrated by Bessie Thorpe Lyle

"I wish we were all more thorough
students of the mighty past, for
we should be rendered braver
prophets for the future and more
cheerful workers for the present."

—*Frances E. Willard.*

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LYNCHBURG, VA.

H.A. 5. Oct. 7, 1919.

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A VIVID figure standing out in as bold relief against the background of American life to-day as did that of Captain John Smith in the affairs of the infant nation at Jamestown.

THEY found not pearls and gold
For which they came in quest
 Across the trackless deep—
The Jamestown pioneers of old—
Instead, the priceless pearl of Freedom, vast,
 For aye to keep;
The virgin gold of boundless Opportunity,
Which grows with ev'ry age more grand.
 A golden harvest any man may reap
Who will. Yes, these the jewels rich
The Jamestown settlers found
 Within the wilderness safe-keep.

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

Radford, Va.

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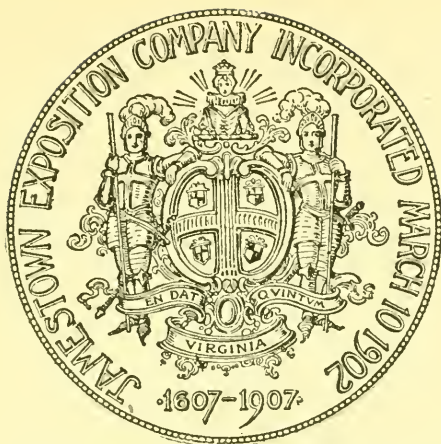
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CHAPTER I

JAMESTOWN

A MIGHTY shaft through Raleigh's fingers slipped;
Smith shot it, and a Continent awoke!
For that great arrow, with an acorn tipped,
Planted an English Oak!

JAMES BARRON HOPE.



THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

WE have fittingly celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The three hundredth anniversary of Jamestown is hardly less worthy of commemoration.

A great nation can not bring to mind its small beginning and its stupendous growth through such a celebration as the Jamestown Exposition without stirring in the hearts of its people their best patriotism and the sincerest devotion to the principles which have made this nation great.

And such patriotism and such devotion so completely underlie American Institutions that their soundness and strength are absolutely necessary to our strength and perpetuity.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Princeton, Nov. 23, 1903.

The Jamestown Exposition should not only commemorate the early history and the growth of our nation, but it should also stimulate the present generation of our countrymen

TO PATRIOTIC DUTY.

Princeton, February 10, 1907.

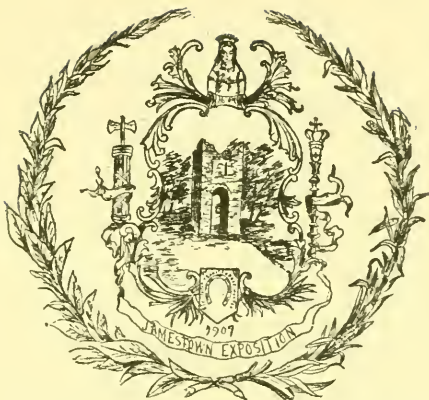
VIRGINIA HOSTESS

MOTHER of heroes, queen uncrowned and free—
Virginia! At her open door she stands,
Serene and gay, with gracious outstretched hands,
Between a sunny land and smiling sea.

Greetings, she gladly gives to all who come!
Not gold and treasure, sought by men of yore,
But golden welcome shining from her door
Bids friends and strangers feel themselves at home.

LUCY PRESTON BEALE.

Buchanan, Virginia.



CARDINAL GIBBONS' TRIBUTE

THE Jamestown Exposition—signalizing the first colonization of the English-speaking people on the shores of North America—pays a merited tribute to the great State of Virginia, the

MOTHER OF STATES AND OF STATESMEN.

No State has contributed more than the old Commonwealth of Virginia to the enunciation of genuine republican principles, or more enlightened statesmen who have upheld their principles in the halls of legislation and vindicated them by their valor in the field of battle.

James Card. Gibbons

Baltimore, March 20, 1907.

EXPOSITIONS

EXPOSITIONS are the time-keepers of progress.

They record the world's advancement,
They stimulate the energy, the enterprise, and
The intellect of the people, and
Quicken human genius.

They go into the home,
They broaden our daily lives.
They open mighty storehouses
Of information to the student.

Every exposition, great or small, has helped some onward step.

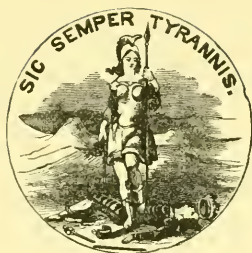
The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear, this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving."

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions that have been fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought

THROUGH THIS EXPOSITION?

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Buffalo, September 5, 1902.



A JUBILEE OF PATRIOTISM

THE settlement of Jamestown marks alike the commencement of our noble commonwealth and our glorious union. There was the joint cradle of State and Nation.

From that small beginning grew Virginia, whose superb career added new majesty and glory to Statehood. There also arose the mighty Western Republic, whose prodigious shadow, as it projects itself into the future, startles the imagination and almost challenges the possibilities of human destiny.

This great historic episode is a veritable

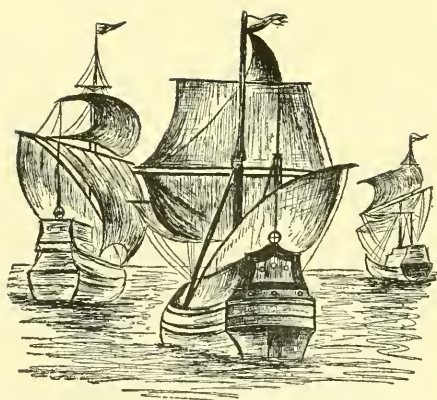
JUBILEE OF PATRIOTISM

blending our past achievements and future possibilities. May the inspiring memories it engenders kindle our hearts with that fervid patriotism that animated our fathers and made them feel that public honor was private honor, public calamity private calamity, public success private success.

Claude A. Swinson.

Governor.

Richmond.



BON VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue!

Britons! you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearls and gold,
And ours to hold
VIRGINIA,
Earth's only paradise.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Toast of the old English poet, to the Jamestown settlers when
they sailed for Virginia, December 19, 1606.

LONG THE HAIL

A FAR cry and long the hail,
Aback and adown the years,
From the bristling "regiments of the sea,"
To the craft of Newport's little fleet,
That roused the Red Man's fears.

A little fleet of tiny ships,
That came like winged things,
From the myst'ry land beyond the deep,
To the wilderness of the unknown west,
Where deadly shaft had wings.

A far cry and long the hail,
A hail three hundred years,
From the doughty ships of Captain Smith,
To the modern giants with armor clad,
From which the twelve-inch peers.

But every clime, in homage felt,
Now sends its argosy,
From the nations great of all the earth,
To the honor of Freedom's warriors true,
Who won their Victory.

JOHN T. MAGINNIS.

Norfolk.



OUR ENGLISH ANCESTORS

THE planting of the Virginia Colony in the virgin land hidden away in the West, fastened and bound in on the wilderness trees a rare grafting of Elizabethan culture and enterprise.

It was England's Grand Age.

IT WAS AMERICA'S GRANDER OPPORTUNITY.

Out of the brains and souls of men of such an age and nation the planting of Virginia was conceived and ardently fostered.

GEORGE W. MILES.

Radford, Virginia.

JAMESTOWN

"HERE the White Man first met the Red Man for settlement and civilization.

"Here the White Man wielded the first ax to cut the first tree for the first log cabin.

"Here the first log cabin became a part of the first village.

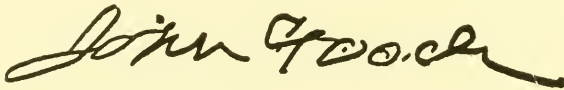
"Here the first village became the first State capital.

"Here was laid the foundation of a

"NATION OF FREEMEN,

"Which has extended its dominion and its empire across the continent to the shores of another ocean."

And if Governor Wise, the author of these words had been speaking to-day he might have added, "A nation which has extended its empire to far-off isles beyond the seas."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John Gooch". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Bedford, Virginia.

THE UNKNOWN PIONEER

WHOSE free and valiant spirit gave birth to all that is free
and valiant in our history.

Who lived and died that a small adventure might become

A GREAT CAUSE OF LIBERTY,

And a country without a name

THE FOREMOST REPUBLIC OF THE WORLD.

Ellen Glasgow

Richmond.

ON A PORTRAITURE OF CAPTAIN JOHN
SMITH

"THIS Smith, whose name shall never passe,
Was not a wight to delve in brasse,
But all his works, both bright and holde,
Were ever wroughte of solid golde."

ON A PORTRAITURE OF POCAHONTAS

“THIS maiden of the Indian race
Had but a copper-coloured face;
But hear her story trulie told,
You’ll say her hearte was virgin golde.”

JAMESTOWN ISLAND

THIS sacred spot is hallowed with priceless memories. The very air we breathe is fragrant with the incense of offerings laid upon the altars of liberty and constitutional government.

Here was made the first permanent settlement of the English race on this continent. Here the weary voyagers "sang the Lord's song in a strange land," and first established the Protestant church in this land.

Here this continent received its first baptism of English blood. Here the infant nation was nourished.

Here the first legislative assembly was established. Here the Magna Charta of American liberty, which culminated in the American republic, was received. Here were sown the seeds which ripened into the great American principles of human rights and liberty. Here success crowned the first armed resistance to British tyranny, and hurled from his palace, which stood upon this spot, a royal hireling.

With loving and devoted hands the women of this country have saved Mount Vernon from dilapidation and decay, and have made it the trysting place of a nation. With untiring devotion they have preserved the landmarks of our history.

To them now belongs the honor of rescuing from the ravages of the flood this island of Jamestown; this birthplace of the nation; this gateway of the greatest country the sun ever shone upon.

JAMES ALSTON CABELL.

Richmond.

In address delivered at Jamestown Island May 9, in receiving the Gates erected by the Colonial Dames of America, and turned over to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

To the foremost actor in the opening scene of Virginia history, whose rescue by the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, threw around it the glamour of romance; the man whose courage, energy and sagacity

SAVED THE INFANT COLONY FROM DESTRUCTION

and made possible the glorious years of its subsequent history, years pregnant with heroic figures and stirring incidents—one of the most notable of them all the latest, this year of grace nineteen hundred and seven, in which a grateful people celebrate the tercentenary of the Jamestown Landing; the hardy and valiant adventurer, Captain John Smith.

J. M. MCBRYDE,
President Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

THE LADY POCAHONTAS

"THE Lady Pocahontas, Powhatan's most precious jewel;
"She next under God was the instrument to preserve this
Colonie from

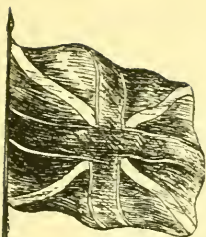
"DEATH,

"FAMINE

"AND UTTER CONFUSION,

which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia had
laine as it was at our arrival to this day."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,
In "The True Relation of Virginia."



TO OLD ENGLAND

THE great English-speaking people, who hold to-day in their strong hands the destinies of the world, have two sacred spots where they first planted themselves and began their world's mission—Ebbsfleet in England and Jamestown in Virginia.

The history of our race from Ebbsfleet to Jamestown is one of heroic achievement, gleaming with glory in war and peace, in science and literature. During centuries of darkness, oppression and tyranny, our English ancestors alone preserved constitutional government and held aloft the torch of liberty. We are proud to be joint heirs in this priceless heritage of splendid deeds, which illumine forever the pathway of human progress and endeavor. We are proud of the rock from which we are hewn. We are proud of its granite strength and solid proportions.

We are proud to speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton; proud to be of the blood of Hampden and Chatham. In this year of our jubilee, our hearts with abounding and abiding affection return to old England, and we wish all manner of happiness and prosperity to the land of our forefathers.

We hope in the coming years the colossal power possessed by these kindred people will never again be used against each other in contest and strife, but will ever be invoked and used for the enlightenment and advancement of all mankind.

Claude A. Swanson.

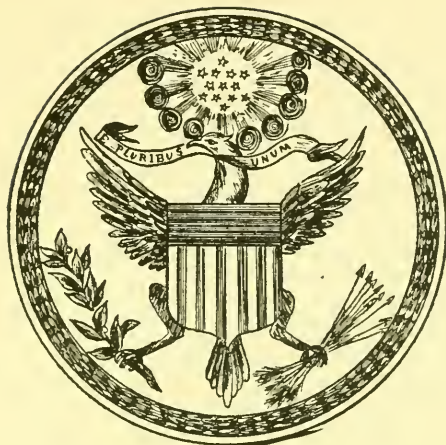
Governor.

In Tercentenary Address, delivered April 13, 1907.

POCAHONTAS

HER story, sure, was fashioned out above,
Ere 'twas enacted on the scene below!
For 'twas a very miracle of love
When from the savage hawk's nest came the dove
With wings of peace to stay the ordered blow—
The hawk's plumes bloody, but the dove's as snow!

JAMES BARRON HOPE.



BIRTH OF A NATION

LIKE giant oaks of the forest, great nations have small beginnings.

They are not born, like Minerva, in complete armor, strength, and wisdom.

Three hundred years ago at Jamestown our nation had its birth in the indomitable will, courage, and patriotism of John Smith and his little band.

Indomitable will, courage, and patriotism afterwards wrested it from the sway of a monarch's sceptre, and have ever since preserved it.

And indomitable will, courage, and patriotism will uphold our flag, maintain our nation, and secure to our country

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY

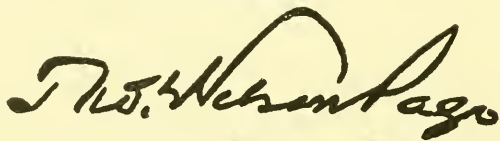
for all time.

J. C. WYSOR.

Pulaski, Virginia.

A VISION OF RALEIGH

I OFT have seen in watches of the night—
Was it a dream or seer's far-thrown thought?—
A vision of a realm I never knew—
For men grew in that air to rule themselves,
And set a beacon high for all the world,
A pilot star whereby the nations steered.
Methought me saw three little caravels, . . .
They clove the stormy leagues of wintry seas
To limp at last within Virginia's capes—
Those lone and silent sentries of the west—
And cast their anchor in an inland sea. . . .
With cables fine, spun by the silent fates,
Then anchored they the Old world to the New,
The Golden Future to the Age-Worn Past. . . .
I saw them land upon a little isle,
Rear first the cross; then plant a starry flag . . .
And lo! a new-made England swam in view. . . .
'Neath a new Heaven I saw a new Earth dawn.
In yon vast spaces of that virgin land
Men's minds grew great; their thoughts upsoared to God.
As in old days, Jehovah spake again,
On holy ground, from out the wilderness,
And taught men secrets veiled from highest kings:
That God's best gift to man is liberty;
His chosen altar aye the patriot's heart.
That neither Lords nor Kings can blind men's minds;
That neither State nor Church can rule men's souls;
That loftier far than gentle birth is birth
Of Noble Aspirations and High Deeds.
And deeper than all deep foundations lies
The People's Will. On this and this alone
All government whate'er must rest at last. . . .
This radiant beacon my Virginia set,
When Queenly, high enthroned amid the seas,
She lit the torch that flamed across the world
'Til joyful peoples clung about her knees,
And at her feet the grateful Nations sued.



W. S. Vinton

From his poem written for the Virginia Day Celebration at
the Jamestown Exposition, June 12, 1907.



THE RED MAN

Keeper of the Continent
'Til the coming of the Race for which it was destined.
A Picturesque Figure
Gradually vanishing from the Scene of former Supremacy, and
Retreating westward before the encroachments of civilization.

High Above the Old-World Savage
In pride and prowess, in courage and dignity of character.
Child of Nature,
Deep-tinged with poetry, and harboring in his soul the
Rudiments of Religious belief and aspiration.

The Race of Hiawatha
And "Laughing Water"; of our own dear Matoaca.

HERE'S TO THE RED MAN:

In life, all the blessings of our great Country!
In death, the joys of

"THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS"

Of his fathers!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

Radford, Virginia.



JAMESTOWN

1607-1907

BEHOLD a ship, whose faithful sail measured the ocean vast,
And near this historic spot her solemn anchor cast.

What then?

Forest and stream, wigwam-huts, and the
Red man's sovereign step in this New World.

Three cycles pass—Behold once more! A host by land and sea,
To celebrate the settlement! All Praise! So let it be!

Lone town,

And scenes adjacent. Pale face home, how strange the history!

POOR INDIAN!

ANNA L. RANDOLPH PRICE.

Marlinton, West Virginia.

TO POCAHONTAS

CHILD of the forest, though daughter of an emperor, seion of a savage race, yet mother of a sterling Christian stock, the redolence of thy loyal womanhood hath lingered wellnigh through three centuries, and ever will refresh the page of history.

Though English royalty claimed thee as its favorite and a Briton took thee from the wilderness as his wife,

THOU ART VIRGINIA'S PECULIAR HERITAGE
and her lasting pride.

Thy mortal remains long since have mingled with the dust of Albion, far, far away from the leafy haunts of thy forbears; but in memory, O Sylvan Maid, thou livest to-day in the Old Dominion as the type of all that maketh thy sex lovable.

EVAN R. CHESTERMAN.

Richmond.

INDIAN CORN

HERE'S to the Maize,

Gift of the Red Man!

The "Manna in the Wilderness"

to Jamestown Settlers!

"The last crust" to Lee's starving Gray-Coats prior to Appomattox!

The Gold of the great Prairies!

A Native of our good Soil,

waving its green banners from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

FIT EMBLEM OF OUR GREAT NATION!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

MATOACA

POCAHONTAS, sylvan princess,
Fairy good, of pioneers;
Wand, a heart of gentle sweetness;
Soul prophetic, tender years.

Daughter of the Indian chieftain,
Feather White, of Powhata;
Sprite of mercy, in the forest;
To our fathers, Guiding Star!

Thou Matoaca! Woodland Angel;
Of Virginia, Nonpareil;
Thou took up the White Man's burden,
Saved him from a Savage hell.

Pocahontas, Sweet Preserver!
This the song, to thee we sing;
Down the pillared aisle of ages,
Echoed by a race shall ring.

JOHN T. MAGINNIS.

Norfolk.



KING EDWARD'S GREETING TO AMERICA

ON the occasion of the celebration commemorating the Tercentenary of the foundation of the first English settlement on the American continent at Jamestown and the birth of the American nation, His Majesty's government wish to offer their warmest congratulations to the United States government on the magnificent progress and development which have brought the United States government into the first rank among the greatest nations of the world, not only in material prosperity, but also in culture and peaceful civilization.

The connection which must ever exist in history between the British and American nations will never be forgotten, and will contribute to increase and foster the ties of affection between the two peoples.

EDWARD VII, Rex.

Message of His Majesty, King Edward, delivered to President Roosevelt by Ambassador Bryce.

POCAHONTAS

To the gentle daughter of a savage sire;
The dauntless savior of a gallant gentleman!

Loyal in her friendship,
Tender in her womanliness,
Picturesque in the pages of history, and
Pathetic in the brevity of her life,
POCAHONTAS, PRINCESS AND PEARL OF VIRGINIA.

NORA L. C. SCOTT.

Radford, Virginia.

THE TER-CENTENARY MESSAGE OF OUR ANCIENT MOTHERLAND

IN this season of fair weather it is natural that your eyes should look back across the sea to the ancient Motherland, from whom you were for a time divided by clouds of misunderstanding that have now melted away into the blue. Between you and her there is now an affection and a sympathy such as perhaps there never was before in the days of your political connection. To-day she rejoices with you in your prosperity and your unity. She is proud of you, and among her many achievements there is none of which she is more proud than this, that she laid the foundation of your vast and splendid republic. . . .

Could the ancient Motherland, with her recollections of fourteen centuries of national life and seven centuries of slow but steady constitutional development, send to her mighty daughter a better message than this old message: "Cherish alike and cherish together liberty and law. They are always inseparable. Without liberty, there is no true law. . . . Without law and order there is no true liberty, for anarchy means that the rights of the gentle and weak are overridden by the violent.

"In the union of ordered liberty, with a law gradually remoulded from age to age to suit the changing needs of the people, there has lain, and there will always lie, the progress and the peace both of England and of America."

RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.

In Tercentenary Address delivered at Jamestown Island May 13, 1907.

POCAHONTAS

ANGEL of the pathless woodland!
Daring, dusky little maid!
With hair as black as blackest midnight,
Eyes the same Egyptian shade—
What a debt we owe to you, Dear!
One that ne'er can be repaid.

Long ago, when cruel war-chiefs
In bloodthirsty council sat,
You performed your little stunt, Dear.
If it had not been for that,
Prithee, tell me, dark-eyed Princess,
Where, O where would we be at?

To-day you would be called "Buttinsky"—
Thus be known to modern fame—
Or else, "Johnny-on-the-Spot," Dear,
Now would be your honored name.
Your charms, of course, would be snapshotted,
But we'd love you just the same.

To your eyes we drink a toast, Dear—
To your heart so brave and true;
To your voice, so sweet, so pleading—
Little feet and fingers, too!
We'd not have no Exposition.
Pretty Princess, but for you!

MIRIAM SHEFFEY.

Bristol, Tennessee.

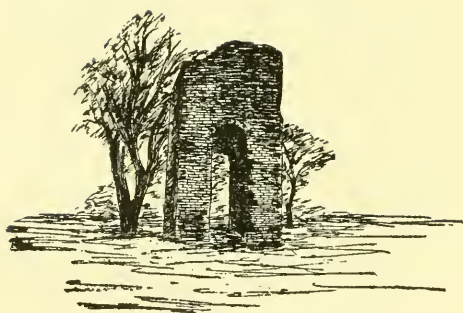
TO THE JAMESTOWN CHURCH

1607-1907

WE stand beneath old spires beyond the seas
And hearken to the thrilling tale they tell
Of aspiration, self-devotion, well
Wrought tasks, and penitents upon their knees.
But ah, the tale of lust and cruel ease,
Of bigotry and pride that tolled the knell
Of liberty and light and truth! The fell
Relentless hands that stifled piteous pleas!
But thou, oh simple ruin upon this isle,
Dost weave a tale whose every thread is fair.
Thy sun that rose upon the darkling way
Has faltered never, creeping up the dial,
And now its splendid rays shine everywhere,
Proclaiming liberty and peace for aye!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BARR.

Norfolk.



AT JAMESTOWN CHURCH TOWER

WHERE the early settlers sank upon their knees to beg protection, guidance and help of a Divine Providence, we in this commercial age forget our sordid cares and bow our heads in reverence for him who hewed his way into a new world to make a happier abiding place for his children; reverence for this ruin that tells of another generation's faith and dependence on Almighty God.

Who shall say we are not better for the pilgrimage?

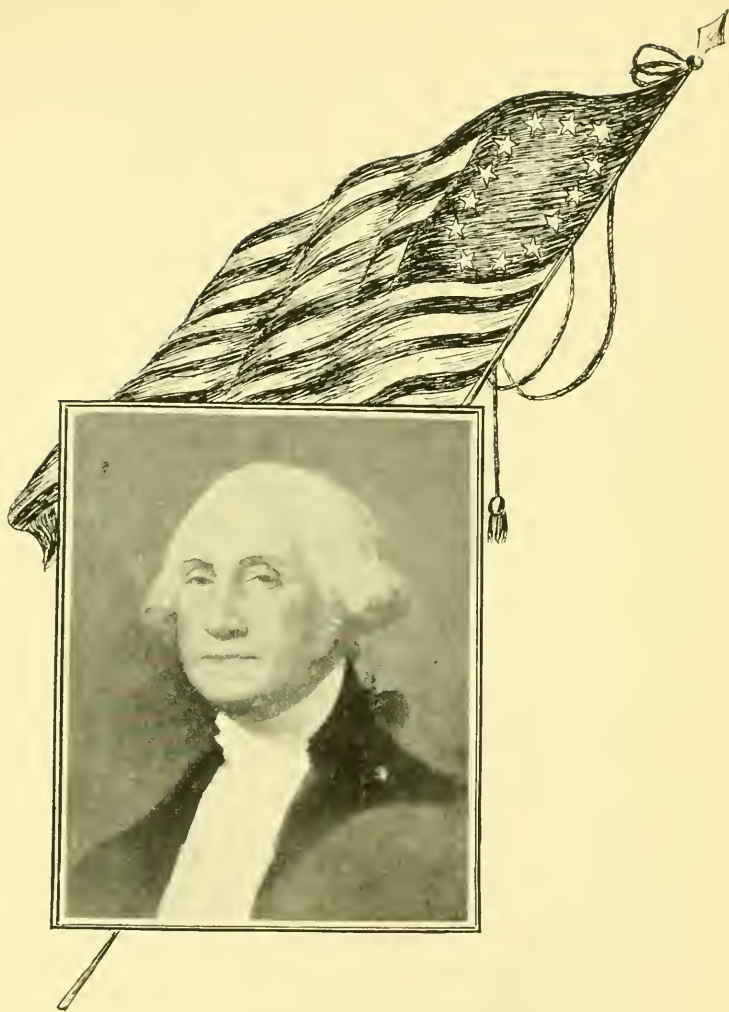
JOHN T. MAGINNIS.

Norfolk.

CHAPTER II

THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN

"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not."





NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE North Star of the colonies, New Hampshire, joins with Virginia in celebrating the birth of Anglo-Saxon life, liberty and civilization on this continent; and in honoring the memory of Captain John Smith,

DAUNTLESS NAVIGATOR OF UNCHARTED SEAS,

Whose visit to our Isles of Shoals in 1619 is there recorded in graven stone.

Charles M. Floyd

Governor.

Concord.



MASSACHUSETTS

THE State of the Pilgrim and the Puritan, where Plymouth Rock marks one of the corners of the great republic of the United States as Jamestown marks the other.

Side by side with Virginia Massachusetts led the way to the Revolution and to Independence.

"Massachusetts! There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves.

"There is her history; the world knows it by heart.

"The past, at least, is secure.

"There are Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.

"The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia,

"AND THERE THEY WILL LIE FOREVER."

H. C. Lodge

United States Senate.



TO CONNECTICUT

THE home of the schoolmaster and the inventor and of the industrial pioneer. She loves the rough mechanic's arm and the gallantry of work. Her heart rings true to the music of the anvil, at the living forge by the running brook, or where the intellect of genius finds its lodge in the poet's soul.

Rollin S. Woodruff

Governor.

Hartford.



TOAST TO RHODE ISLAND

ALTHOUGH small in area, Rhode Island is great in
Civic Spirit,
Business Enterprise, and its
Devotion to the Best Ideals
Of Modern Civilization.

Within these Plantations the deserving persecuted from every land first found religious freedom and liberty of conscience. To this great American trait of toleration we are proud to proclaim our leadership and our glory. We established a precedent which has been acknowledged by all States in the Union.

RHODE ISLAND!

The most densely populated of all the States still remains true to her old traditions, and, in addition, stands for the highest and most thriving forms of business life and enterprise, as well as

FOR PUBLIC MORALITY.

James H. Higgins

Governor.

Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.



NEW YORK AND VIRGINIA

BEFORE the Pilgrim Fathers, whose memory we delight to honor, had moored the May Flower to Plymouth Rock, the adventurous Cavaliers had established themselves in Virginia, and the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent was made at Jamestown.

New York was one of the provincial out-posts of Virginia—her territory extending as far as Nova Scotia, and Captain Smith writing King James in 1612, that the Dutch had taken possession of one of the Virginia islands—Manhattan.

It is especially fitting, therefore, that the foundation of the Jamestown Exposition should have been laid through an endorsement of Ex-President Grover Cleveland, a former Governor of New York, and that most of its subsequent success as a national and international celebration, should be due to the untiring and patriotic efforts of another former Governor of New York, President Theodore Roosevelt, who represents to-day the best type of the Twentieth Century American.

The State of New York, that lives in the present, and contributes modern statesmen of the Roosevelt class, in participating in this great celebration, can afford to be generous as of old, when Jay and Morris, Clinton and Hamilton and Schuyler took counsel with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshal, Mason, and Patrick Henry.

So here's to New York and Virginia, the North and the South, the Colonists of 1607 and the Colonists of 1609, to the Empire State of the Union and the Old Dominion and its present successor—the great New Virginia of 1907.

New York.

HUGH GORDON MILLER.



NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY! Whose patriots freely gave their blood for freedom from the British yoke, whose hills and plains were the scenes of some of the fiercest battles of the Revolution.

New Jersey! Whose sons again valiantly went forth to defend the Nation and extend the freedom established by their fathers.

New Jersey! Peerless among her sister States for her industries, her public schools and the purity of her government.

New Jersey! The meat in the sandwich, with New York on one side and Pennsylvania on the other.

E. C. Stokes

Governor.

Trenton.



TO NEW JERSEY

AN aliquot part of the original thirteen United States, and one of the battlefields of the Revolution, with Washington commanding in person at the affairs of Monmouth and of Trenton and Princeton.

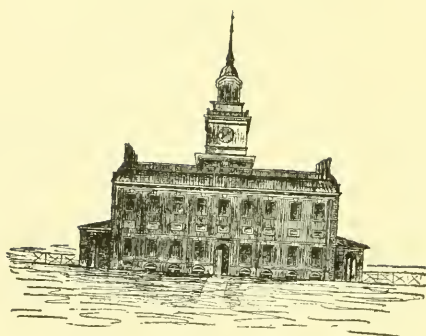
The campaign of the crossing of the Delaware at Trenton by Washington, his progress to Princeton, and his masterly march to set in his winter quarters at Morristown has been characterized, by certain eminent German and English historians, as on the one hand, in its inception, one of the greatest of modern strategic plans, as on the other hand, in its results, the turning point of the ebbing fortunes of the Colonies.

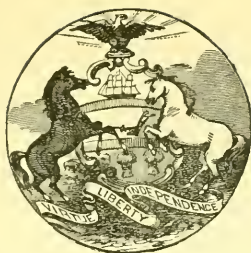
May this not be an empty toast, but be overflowing with those invisible realities which make the cup of life itself sweet and invigorating. It contains the assurance to all the other States of the esteem and admiration of this State; of deep affection and good will, and the sincere wish that the coming years be crowned with

UNITY, HAPPINESS AND SERENITY.

HENRY DALLAS THOMPSON.

Princeton University.





PENNSYLVANIA AND VIRGINIA

THERE is eminent fitness in Pennsylvania joining hand to hand and heart to heart with Virginia in the Jamestown Exposition. No two other States were so closely interwoven in the heroic efforts made to establish free government in the New World, and the two States have ever stood abreast in the forefront of our national progress.

Here we have Independence Hall, the cradle of Liberty, where Jefferson, the great Virginia statesman, presented the immortal

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Here in Carpenter's Hall the constitution of the new republic was moulded by Madison and administered by Washington, the Father of the Liberty of the law then established by the Colonists.

Here were fought by the Virginia Chieftain the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and it was the overpowering influence of the great Virginian that held our starving and despairing troops without disintegration under the terrible sufferings at Valley Forge.

Virginia and Pennsylvania stood abreast and high over all in valor on the field of Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the Civil War.

Virginia, the battle-ground of that bloody fraternal conflict, has arisen from the ashes of her desolation, and for years has been rapidly recovering.

Pennsylvania has made matchless strides in all things that ennoble and enrich a great commonwealth, and has shown by the generous mingling of our people with our Virginia brethren at Jamestown our reverence for Virginia's past, and our hearty interest in her future.

Philadelphia.

A. K. McCURE.



DELAWARE

To the grand old State of Delaware, the third to have a settlement formed within her boundaries; the first to sign the Constitution of the United States. The home of the Rodneys, the Bayards, the Salisburys, and the Burtons.

She has always, in times of need, responded promptly and liberally to the calls of the General Government for help, giving both of her means and her sons, to help repulse the foe from without and to put down dissensions within.

The land of the luscious peach and juicy grape. Noted the world over for her pretty women and courteous men, she yields to none in the cordiality of her grasp of welcome to all who may visit her.

GEORGE H. DICK,

Secretary Jamestown Tercentenary Commission.
Smyrna, Delaware.

DELAWARE, though Rhode Island's rival in area, leads the nation in despatching her State affairs with the least number of legislators.

Deeply sensible of the transcendental leadership of Washington in war and of his sane counsel in peace, she, first and foremost of the Original Thirteen, rallied to his support by signing the Federal Compact on December the seventh, 1787.

M. H. ARNOLD.



MARYLAND

MARYLAND: The State whose gallant sons saved Washington's army at Long Island, and left their bones on battle-fields from Stony Point to Savannah; and whose just and firm statesmen secured for the nation the great territory of the West.

Ira C. Cressen

President.

Johns Hopkins University.



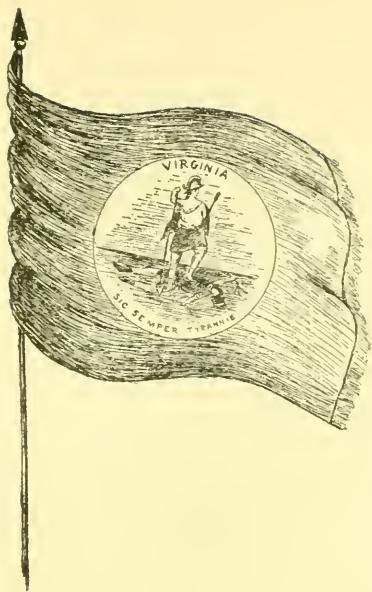
VIRGINIA

INDEPENDENCE and National Union owe much to Virginia. She furnished the Author of the Great Declaration, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, the prime mover for the most conspicuous figure in the Constitutional Convention, and the

GREAT INTERPRETER OF OUR FUNDAMENTAL LAW.

The first President of the United States and six successors were born within her boundary, and when national authority was first imperilled a son of the Old Dominion, "Lighthorse Harry Lee," was called upon to head the forces the approach of which dispelled the threatening storm.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink. The signature is written in a cursive style, with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the signature. The letters are bold and fluid, characteristic of the handwriting of George Washington.



TO VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA!

Leader in war and in peace.

Mother of soldiers and of statesmen.

Home of Washington, Lee and Jackson,

Of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

May the memories of the past

INSPIRE THY SONS OF THE FUTURE.

W. J. Bryan



TOAST TO NORTH CAROLINA

HERE'S to North Carolina, where, in the year 1585, the first English settlement in the New World was attempted. Here was the birthplace of the first white child born of English parents,

LITTLE VIRGINIA DARE,

and here the first English prayer ever uttered on United States soil ascended to God for protection, and the first baptismal rites were here celebrated.

HERE'S TO NORTH CAROLINA!

where on May 20, 1775, in the County of Mecklenberg, her sturdy sons threw off the yoke of oppression, and where later the inhabitants of the same county earned for it from the British the distinction of the soubriquet, "The Hornet's Nest of America."

Governor.

Raleigh.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

Here's to North Carolina!

Next to the last State to secede from the Union, but, once enlisted, furnishing more troops to the cause they loved than any other State, and earning by the valor and the heroic deeds of its soldiers the right to inscribe on its monument

FIRST AT BETHEL AND LAST AT APPOMATTOX!

Here's to North Carolina!

The home of true men and pure women. To thee we drink in trust and love and devotion, and declare in the words of the immortal State poet,

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's Blessings Attend Thee;
While We Live We Will Cherish, Protect and Defend Thee!"

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "R. B. Glenn". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized "R" and "B".

Governor.

Raleigh.



SOUTH CAROLINA

IN the galaxy of the sisterhood of States, South Carolina has ever held a place of glorious honor. As a Colony hopeful and expansive, as a State strong and steadfast, she early took rank and kept pace with the marvelous march of Commonwealths in this great Republic.

Rich in resources, princely in power, constructive in civilization, large in measures, mighty in men, transcendent in achievement, the Palmetto State has made a splendid contribution to the American Nation.

Whatever of wealth she has, of fair lands, "sunlit streams," starry skies, together with the poetry of a Timrod, statesmanship of a Calhoun, leadership of a Hampton, patriotism of a Marion, valor of a Jasper, heroism of thousands of glory-crowned sons and the peerless spirit and chivalry of her people of all times, these she has given gladly to the common country as a priceless heritage forever.

With a past full of noble and historic achievements, a present pulsating with the throb and thrill of new life, this proud State is a-tip-top-toe with expectancy of hopeful triumphs in the future, while her destiny is committed to the hands of her loyal sons.

Martin J. Aul.

Columbia.

Governor.



TO SOUTH CAROLINA

ANIMATED by an ardent love of liberty, she was the first of the Colonies to throw off formally the yoke of King George, and to declare herself a free and independent State.

Throughout the war for the independence of the thirteen States she kept in good faith, steadfastly and valiantly, the pledges made to them at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, seventeen hundred seventy-six. The burden of that war fell largely upon her.

Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, won undying fame. Marion, Pickens, the Rutledges, Wade Hampton, and the Pinckneys, so harassed Tarlton and Cornwallis, and so delayed and crippled the latter that he fell an easy prey to Washington at Yorktown, thus ending the war.

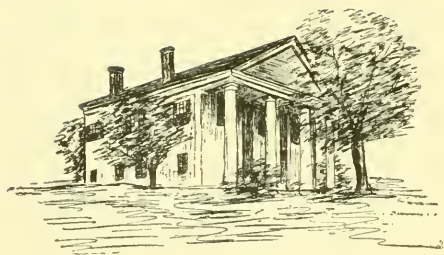
And so in Civil affairs, her Lawsons, her Pinckneys and Rutledges and Middletons and Heywards were wise in council and eminent in shaping the destinies of the great American Government.

The blood of these great men still flows in the veins of South Carolinians, and

THE LOVE OF LIBERTY IS STILL HER BEACON.

BENJAMIN SLOAN,
President.

University of South Carolina.





TO GEORGIA

GEORGIA'S history is unique, for she alone, among the original thirteen colonies and the subsequent new states added thereto, was founded with a consciously benevolent purpose, with the deliberate intent to benefit mankind by upbuilding a Commonwealth along carefully planned lines of social, political and religious liberty and justice.

Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, was a true apostle of philanthropy and of equality of opportunity for all. His set purpose was to found a State the gates of which should be open to the oppressed of every land and creed, and closed to every form of political, religious or industrial bondage or persecution. His colony welcomed alike those who fled from political or social tyranny, and those, whether Christian or Jew, who sought liberty for conscience's sake. It was a high beginning. . . .

Since then Georgia has grown at a rate even more astonishing than the rate of the growth of the nation as a whole; her sons have stood high in every field of activity, intellectual or physical, and rapid though her progress has been in the past, it bids fair to be even greater in the wonderful new century which has now fairly opened.

Theodore Roosevelt

In Georgia Day speech at the Exposition, June 10, 1907.

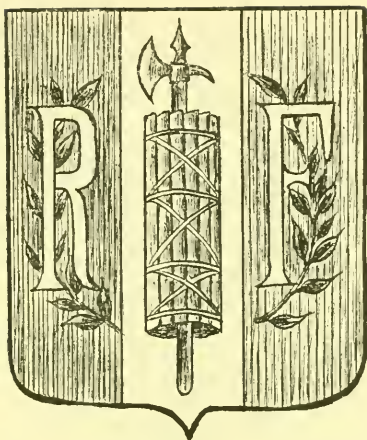
THE EMPIRE STATE OF THE SOUTH

Georgia, one of "The Original Thirteen,"
Is patriotic and, I ween,
Unflinching in devotion;
At Jamestown—in Virginia fair—
She wants to meet her sisters there,
From Ocean to Ocean.

In Colony and in State
She always with the first did rate—
This is her reputation:
Her motto is a noble one,
Regarded by each worthy son:
"Wisdom, Justice, Moderation."

FRANCIS HODGSON ORME.

Atlanta.

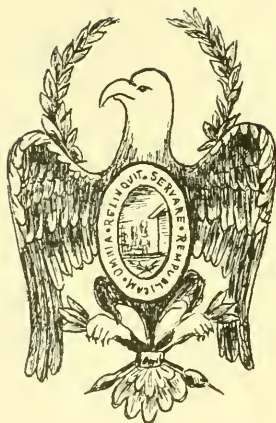


A SISTER ACROSS THE SEA

IN those exploits which made Paul Jones famous, French sailors were his comrades in arms.

IN the long and bloody war which gave us national life, France was our generous ally.

Charles Bonaparte



BY THE ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI,
INSTITUTED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY,
May 10th, 13th and June 15th, 1783.

ITS PRINCIPLES ARE IMMUTABLE.

"Interest in the lives, characters, and exploits of our
ancestors forms no small part of the sentiment of

"Patriotism.

"It is natural, generous and unselfish."

Selected by HETH LORTON,
Secretary the Virginia Society of the Cincinnati.



TO THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA

THROUGH the gray vista of years we behold noble women making homes in spite of uncertainty, suffering, and death.

They rocked the cradle of the nation; they helped to build a glorious country. Their courage, their gentleness and their tenderness grow with the years.

To perpetuate the memory of their virtues and to preserve the highest ideals, the National Society of Colonial Dames was formed.

May the members of this Society always maintain

That courtesy which gives no pain;

That heroism which faints not;

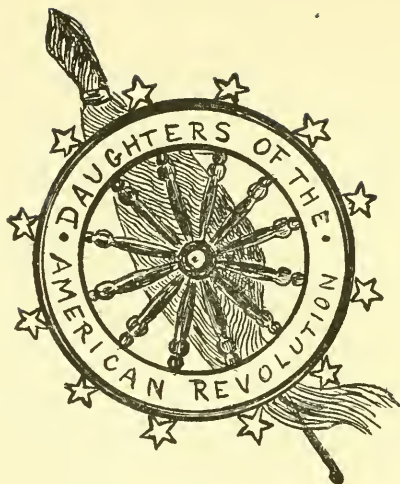
That charity which suffereth long and is kind;

emulating the virtues of their Colonial Mothers, and transmitting the highest aspirations to their daughters!

Katharine Cabell Cox

President-General Colonial Dames of America.

Richmond.



D. A. R.

Docile,
Daring,
Daughters.

Amiable,
Ardent,
American.

Reasonable,
Resolute,
Revolution.

MRS. DONALD MCLEAN.

President-General National Society Daughters American Revolution.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

HERE'S to the daughters of the American Revolution,
Whose grandsires framed our Great Constitution,
And here's to the Patriots with hearts so true
Who fought for our Flag—the Red, White and Blue.
Then pledge me a toast to this noble band,
Who teach these principles to children of our land:

LOVE! HONOR! LIBERTY!

LUCY CLAIR ATKINSON,
Regent Old Dominion Chapter, Richmond.



THE LIBERTY BELL

CLARION my tone in years gone by,
Now silent I lie;
Once sounding the hope of the people I blessed,
Now voiceless I rest,
Peace—peace in my breast.
The high souls' ambition once roused me to speech
And I summoned the heroes to die in the breach—
Now tongueless am I.
No sound from me more—I have uttered for you
A note bold and true;
It rang out for aye, it is echoing still,
To stir and to thrill.
Dumb in my peace, would I peace e'er bestow—
May it ever be so;
May the threat of the tyrant forever be vain—
Else my ancient refrain
Will swell in brave hearts into music again.

EDWIN A. HERNDON.

Lynchburg.

CHAPTER III

VIRGINIA

“VIRGINIA, like the Mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, points to her sons.”

Selected by THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA, standing on an eminence that overlooks three hundred years of endeavor, can proudly survey the pathway she has travelled. She has met perils which she bravely overcame, and encountered misfortunes which she proudly bore in silence and finally conquered. She has seen many fierce conflicts involving her rights, to which she has sent the noble sons whose courage and valor, superb military genius and achievements, have encircled her brow with unfading lustre.

The Voice which speaks to us from the past, the inspiration which springs from the present, the possibilities which crown the future, should arouse in all Virginians lofty aspirations and confirm the resolve to aid in every way possible our glorious State along the pathways of progress, growth and development.

Claude A. Swanson.

Governor.

Richmond.

Colonial Virginia

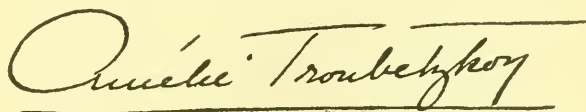
1607-1625



~ COAT OF ARMS OF LONDON COMPANY ~

VIRGINIA

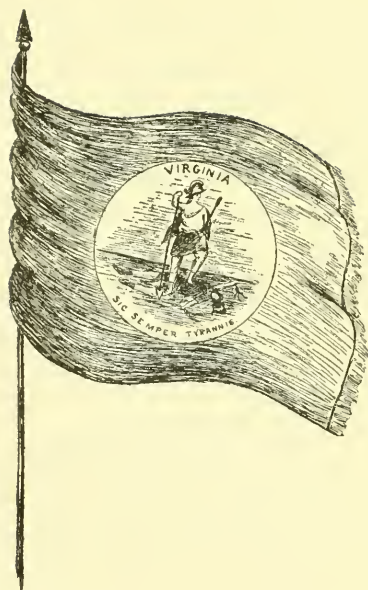
To Virginia, who gave the "Fifth Kingdom" to England,
but who gives the first to all who love her.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Annette Troubetzkoy". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, flowing initial "A". It is underlined with a single horizontal line.

Princess Troubetzkoy.

"Castle Hill," Virginia.

The London Company seal, adopted in 1619, bore the motto,
"En dat Virginia quintum." Behold Virginia gives the Fifth
Kingdom.



“SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS”

HERE'S to Virginia, Columbia's first child,
Born of the Sea and the Western Wild,
With the light of the skies
In her glorious eyes.

Wilderness-cradled, her lullaby song—
The beauty of honor, the shame of wrong;
While the lesson she learned at her mother's breast
Was courage to bleed for the weak and oppressed.

Hating all tyrants from earliest breath,
Shirking not danger, and fearing not death,
The seal that she set on her banner of blue
Oft-dyed its fair azure to deep crimson hue.

“Sic Semper Tyrannis!” Brave pledge of the State
That death shall be ever the tyrant's quick fate!
Extend round the world thy great gospel of Right,
’Til Freedom dispelleth Oppression's dark night!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

WILLIAMSBURG

THE ancient capital, the oldest city in Virginia, is the Mecca of patriots.

Here stands the venerable college, the Alma Mater of statesmen, poets, and orators.

Here stands Bruton, "The Westminster Abbey of Virginia," within whose walls the founders of Virginia worshipped the God of their fathers, and acquired that "ghostly strength" which enabled them, first to conquer themselves and then to conquer the savage and bruise the paw of the British lion.

Our streets reëcho the footsteps of men who builded commonwealths, wrote declarations, and drafted constitutions for generations yet unborn.

About us echo the tones of orators who thrilled listening senates and made tyrants totter on their thrones.

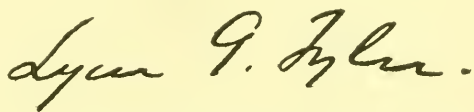
Williamsburg, the City of William, ever reminds the traveller, by her very name, that tyranny shall perish from the earth.

J. LESLIE HALL.

William and Mary College.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

THE Alma Mater of the Makers of the Nation, the nursery of Free Principles, and the Pioneer of Higher Education in the South.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Lyon G. Tyler." The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent 'L' and 'T'.

President William and Mary College.

Williamsburg, Virginia.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

THE home of deep reverence for human freedom—intellectual, moral and religious—which filled the soul of her great Father and Founder. The birthplace in American academic life of the Elective System in Studies; the Honor System in Discipline; the Merit System in Awards.

Edwin A. Alderman.

President.

University of Virginia.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

ENDOWED by George Washington.

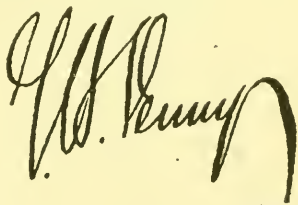
Administered by Robert E. Lee.

THE HEIR OF THEIR FAME.

The guardian of their noble concept of public duty and private sacrifice.

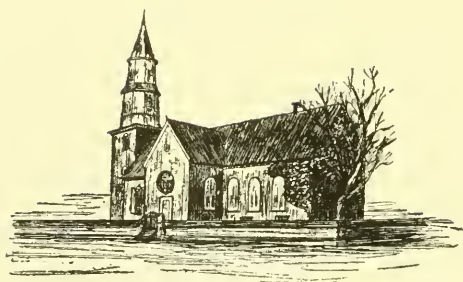
Seeking to imbue the youth of the nation with the desire of service.

Rejoicing in the splendid record of her sons in every sphere of honorable activity throughout every section of our own country and in foreign lands.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "J. W. Pennington". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a prominent loop at the end.

President.

Lexington, Virginia.



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH

OLD Bruton is the noblest monument of religion in America. Notwithstanding the devastating touch of time, the building has stood for well-nigh two centuries, a witness to the continuity of the Church and the faith and devotion of the Nation Builders.

Bruton, in 1699, became the successor to the church at Jamestown as

COURT CHURCH OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

Here, in pew elevated above the floor and canopied with silk, surrounded by their Council of State, worshipped the colonial governors, wearing the insignia of their authority as the representatives of old England's Kings and Queens.

As the Church at Jamestown ministered to the men who first established Civilization in America, so Bruton ministered to those who through the State Constitution and the Declaration of Independence by Congress, helped to establish upon a firm and lasting foundation the government of the Federal Republic.

Shadowing and sheltering the tombs of the ancient and honored dead, the Old Church, enriched by hallowed associations, has stood

"A link among the days, to knit
The generations each to each."

Preserved and restored, it is commended to the loving care of Virginia and to the patriotic interest of the Nation whose foundations it helped to lay by invoking upon the endeavors of the warriors and statesmen of the past the blessings of the God of Battles, who is the author of Liberty and Peace.

W. A. R. GOODWIN,
Rector.

Williamsburg.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

OUTSIDE?

God's Acre and its peaceful dead;

Inside?

The tumult and the throb of life;

Without?

Spring's air, and God's blue sky o'erhead;

Within?

Forebodings of a nation's strife.

And now is peace: God keep their memories green—

Amidst these graves we say, with bated breath,

Those men of action, these, unseeing, unseen,

And he who cried for "Liberty or Death!!"

NORA L. C. SCOTT.

Radford, Virginia.

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY

SOMBRE sepulchre of the fallen oak and holly leaves,
Pleasant playground of the wantoning Virginia creeper,
Calm couch of those whose sleep so long will be unbroken,
Thou holdest in thy restful, rounded bosom
Thousands whom we pray to see again.

Thou hast wrung our yearning hearts and laved thy mounded
sod with tears, and yet we know thee for a gentle mother
whose lullaby is a requiem that bespeaketh a joyous awaken-
ing.

Truly thou levellest all ranks and bringest all to the dust,
welcoming alike babe and warrior in thy enfolding embrace.
Yet thine is an un murmuring tenantry who neither weary
nor jostle nor envy one another. In thee—"God's Acre"—
there is a fee-simple for the high and the low, the rich and
the poor, while in God Himself there is that promise of Hope
which stealeth away the sting from Death.

INEVITABLE HOLLYWOOD!

Whether thou wearest the sombre ermine of winter, the
exuberant emerald of spring, the placid olive of midsummer
or the moribund crimson of autumn, thou art ever a beautiful
emblem of

REST, REPOSE AND RESURRECTION.

We toast thee, not with wine but with our tears, and as our
votive offering we give thee that which Golconda's riches
could not buy—

OUR LOVED ONES.

EVAN R. CHESTERMAN.

Richmond.

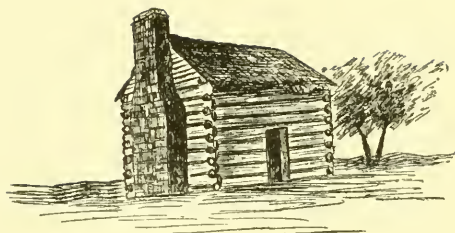
VIRGINIA

First to strike the tyrant's shield,
First to swear she would not yield
Her liberties to Royal might
And see the Wrong enslave the Right;
First always when the battle rages,
First in our history's glorious pages;
First to tread the bloody way
Along which Truth and Honor lay;
First in Time and first in Glory,
Shrined in Song, embalmed in Story;
First in a thousand gentle arts,
First in a thousand thousand hearts.

VIRGINIA!

WALTER EDWARD HARRIS.

Washington.



THE Cabin in which Mary Ingles lived on her return from captivity among the Indians. It was built in 1755, and is the oldest house in Virginia west of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Mary Ingles Cabin still stands in a meadow near New River, three miles from Radford.

TO MARY DRAPER INGLES

THE first white bride married west of the Alleghany Mountains, heroine of real life, whose story reads like fiction!

Carried, in 1755, by the Shawnee Indians from her home at Draper's Meadow, the present site of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, into the Ohio wilderness, the hardships of the journey were intensified by the pangs of maternity—a little daughter being bôrn to her on the march.

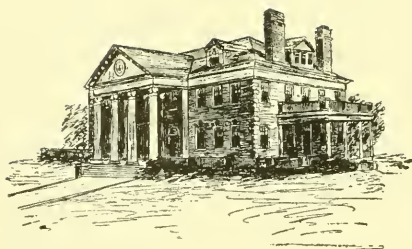
But her wonderful courage and endurance were put to a still more harrowing test, as escaping from her captors, she made her way back to her home, a distance of about seven hundred miles through the pathless forest, without other pilot than the rivers to guide her bleeding feet, without other hope to sustain her half-starved body than her luminous faith in God and her own high courage.

Brave Mary Ingles! No achievement of feminine heroism and endurance in the annals of brave women is more remarkable.

Southwest Virginia does well to honor

SO NOBLE A CHARACTER.

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.



TO THE OLD COLONIAL HOMES OF VIRGINIA

IN royal beauty, with their columned strength,
They stand, in stately dignity and pride;
These grand old homes our honored fathers built—
Homes which to win and keep, they *lived* and *died*.

Their carven stairs the tread of tiny feet
Have hallowed—baby feet they've upward led;
Their stately rooms are rich in echoes sweet
Of voices glad before which shadows fled.

Long may these dear colonial homes endure;
Virginia's hallowed homes, wherein she rears
Her lovely daughters, steadfast, true and pure;
Her noble, loyal sons, who know no fears.

Long may their stately portals wide be held
To welcome to their hospitable halls
The lofty and lowly—stranger, friend—
Rest, peace and joy to find within their walls.

LUCY PRESTON BEALE,
Assistant Hostess to Mrs. Swanson.

Buchanan, Virginia.

MRS. CLAUDE A. SWANSON

Hostess of the Virginia Building

To Mrs. Swanson—Most fit dispenser of the hospitality of the Old Dominion, and perfect type of her fair and lovely women.

In the language of Mrs. Donald McLean, “The most accomplished hostess in America.”

To Mrs. Swanson—Governor of Virginia! For all Virginians echo the sentiment of her gallant husband when he says: “The women rule in Virginia. Mrs. Swanson is Governor of Virginia.”

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.





TO VIRGINIA

No State,

No Civilization,

No People Anywhere.

has produced so many illustrious men as Virginia in the three hundred years of her existence.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

Massachusetts.

VIRGINIA

THE roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet,
Down in Virginia.

There nowhere is a land so fair
As in Virginia;
So full of song, so free from care,
As in Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

SELECTED.

THE F. F. V.'S

THOUGH the F. F. V.'s are hard to please,
And very hard to find,
Still the F. F. V.'s is a disease
Of many a human mind;
For the F. F. V.'s, the real ones, please,
Are very hard to find;
Yet the F. F. V.'s, those of disease
(And quite a diff'rent kind!),
Are the F. F. V.'s, as thick as peas,
With which Virginia's lined.
Toast the F. F. V.'s, the real ones, please,
The ones so hard to find;
And the F. F. V.'s, as thick as peas,
Roast them within your mind.

LILY TYLER.

East Radford, Virginia.

VIRGINIA

My well-beloved Virginia! Oft at my mother's knee
I heard the brave recital of deeds well done for thee:
Of gentle maids and matrons, who graced each cot and hall,
Of steadfast sons and fathers, responsive to thy call.
Dear Presidential Mother! Fame crowns thy stately brow
For Monroe's sturdy doctrine, for Patrick Henry's vow,
For Jefferson and Randolph, for Madison and Lee,
For all thy men of mettle and gallant chivalry.
My well-beloved Virginia! No land so dear to me!
Whose famous son, George Washington, forever made us free;
While rolls the broad Potomac, while York stream seeks the sea,
At morning gun and set of sun, my toast shall always be,

VIRGINIA! FAIR VIRGINIA!

EDWARD FAIRFAX NAULTY.

OLD VIRGINIA

WHAR blooms the furtive 'possum—pride and glory of the
South!

And Aunty makes a hoeecake that melts within yo' mouth.

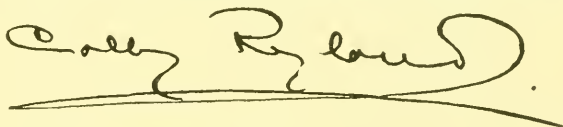
SELECTED.



AUNT JEMMY

AUNT JEMIMY'S TOAST

HONEY, you ax me fuh a toas'. Jes wait now, lemme look;
I oughtuh have some receipes fuh toas'es, bein' cook.
Nor'm, not a one. Well, I declar! ef I kin make so free,
Ise gwinetuh give you fuh a toas' De Vuh-gin-yuh Peach Tree!
Uv all de fambly trees on uth dis is de bes' dey plants.
(You sholy sees de c'nection twixt de peach-tree en de pants)
A switch in time saves many a lim' uv Satan f'om de law.
De combination's knowed tuh all, uv peach-tree switch en Pa.
What would'a come uv Wasn't'n en Thomas Jeff'son too,
Less dee had been licked intuh shape by parients good en true?
De slippuh nuh de cowhide aint nuvuh been our boas',
De peach switch is our emblum—dat's why I gives dis toas'—
Tuh de tree dat made de Ole Dominion famous, fyah en free,
De gyardian uv de Commonwealth—De Vuh-gin-yuh Peach Tree.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Emily R. Paul". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a long, horizontal stroke.

Richmond.

TO OL' FERGINNY EATIN'

De quality's a-sendin' f'um over all de lan'
Deir toas'es fer ol' Jeamestown, dress up in wu'ds so gran';
Dey's toas'ed Ol' Ferginny an' Young Ferginny, too,
An' sweet Ferginny Ladiz, lak ev'ybody do,
An' Ol' Ferginny Gemmen an' Young Ferginny Beaux
An' ev'ything Ferginian dat anybody knows,
Esseptin' w'at I'se gwinter toas', a-speakin' out in meetin'
To gin a hearty th'ee times th'ee fer "Ol' Ferginny Eatin'!"

W'en li'l Miss Pokyhuntas she toted all dat food
To starvin' folks at Jeamestown, I boun' you hit tas'e good;
Cap Smif he tucken a-likin', come mighty nigh ter lub,
Lawd! lawd! who 'oon a-liked de gal whar fill him up wid
grub!

Right den an' dyar she stablish w'ats lasted full an' free,
De Ol' Ferginny cussom uv hossipality.
Go up de yearf, go down de yearf, you ain' gwine find no
treatin'
To ekal w'at dey gin you 'long wid Ol' Ferginny Eatin'.

Law, law! dem Blue Pint Eysters an' Planked Potomac
Shad,
Fish Muddle, Brunswick Stew, um-ph! dey sholy mek you
glad!
Hoe Cake, Egg Braid, Cawn Dodgers, Cawn Pone an' Sally
Lun,
Oh Shucks! I ain' got bref enuff to name 'em ev'y one.
An' lawsy! w'en hit comes ter drinks, Mint Julep, Apple
Jack,

An sich, f'um ev'y part de lan' you hear de moufs go smack;
In fac', de Ol' Ferginny Drinks has never yit bin beatin'
By anything, onless hit is de Ol' Ferginny Eatin'.

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

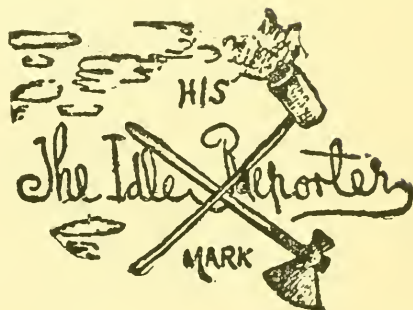
TOBACCO

To your friends you are as redolent as the perfume of Araby; to your enemies, as noxiously malodorous as the fumes of Tartarus. To those who love you, you are the balsam of life, a universal comforter, an inspiration and a joy forever. To those who hate you, you are a badge of stultitude, a menace to the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, a curse to humanity.

In the kingdom of matrimony, you are a perpetual source of discord, and yet in the glowing calumet of the aborigines you were a symbol of peace, and the incense that rose around your ashes served to stay the hand that raised the tomahawk. Through centuries you have floated down to us, and today you know no flag save that which waves over the common brotherhood of man.

Sir Walter Raleigh sought to prove that your smoke has avoirdupois, but no mortal can weigh the part you have played in the affairs of mankind. You have been the "divine afflatus" of the poet, the good genius of the artisan, the comforter of the sorely distressed—the pet aversion of wives.

When first we meet you, you make us sick, but once we know you, we are sick only when we dislike you. In short, you are a paradox of paradoxes, and, though designated as the "weed," you are the king of plants. He who "hits" his pipe, hits his best friend.



TO THE NAMELESS UNFORGOTTEN

O VIRGINIA, with thy story
Of thy wars and meed of glory—
Shouldst recall that of immortals
Who have passed beyond thy portals,
Linger spirits that are nameless in the record of thy fame:
Old black “Mammy”—and the maiden
Fair as any in that Aiden;
There’s the horses and the chases
And there’s all the kinds of graces [name.
That can charm the mellow fancy of the hosts that love thy
But the knight who sniffed the hint
Of the virtues of the mint, [game,
Which skidoo’d the finest nectar from its prestige in the
Wears a crown that’s ever green,
And afresh it blooms serene
At each returning springtime, in the season for the same.

EDWIN A. HERNDON.

Lynchburg.

THE JULEP

AN Amber glint,
A frosted veil,
A fronded surface
And a wail
Of zephyrs 'mid the green leaves.

Two lowered eyes;
Two parched lips
Drink at the pool;
A-joy there slips
A soul amid the green leaves!

It lingers there
In sweet repose,
Until the Clay
Withdraws its nose
From sniffing in the green leaves.

The soul returns,
The glint is gone,
The frosted veil
Is quite undone—
The Man sucks at the green leaves.

A moisten'd eye,
A fond regret;
"Can have one more?"
"Of course! You bet!"

JOHN A. MOROSO.

New York City.



Drawn by Lillian May Beinkampen

TO JOE SWEENEY

APPOMATTOX COUNTY, VA., BEFO'-THE-WAR MAKER AND
MASTER OF A FAMOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

ITS ter-rumpity, umpity, umpi-tum tum,
And they say that as music it's all on the bum,
 But if anyone hand you
 A tune from the banjo
Your soles will go pat to the plunkity strum;
 To your head it will fly,
 Your toes, too, you'll ply,
As over the boards you go humpity hum.
 Without airs that are proud,
 It will whoop up the crowd—
Make 'em glad they are livin' and kickin', by gum.

EDWIN A. HERNDON.

Lynchburg.

VIRGINIA

To fair Virginia's purple peaks,
Her wave-washed shores and limpid creeks,
We raise on high our glass of cheer
In homage to our State most dear.

Her Sons of past and present fame,
The standard bearers of her name,
Forever in our hearts enshrined,
And in Virginia's honor twined.

But deeper still we drink the toast
To those who are the Southman's boast!
Our mothers true, who gave our lives:
OUR MOTHERS, DAUGHTERS, SWEETHEARTS, WIVES!

LILY TYLER.

East Radford, Virginia.

TO THE OLD BLACK MAMMY

WHEN we came into the mysteries of life she took us in her arms, cuddled and cared for our every need, and through years of alternity day and night, with a self-effacement and docile, loyal love the world will never know again, she helped her "little lambs" to grow familiar with the bonds and walls and limitations of a life.

She endured our flashes of temper with the fidelity with which a dog creeps back to lick the master's boot, and so in sun and shade through all the changes of our earthly life, she served and worshipped, swathed us for life, and shrouded for the tomb,

THE FIRST AT THE CRADLE, THE LAST TO LEAVE THE GRAVE.
God bless her!

LILY PATTON KEARSLEY.

East Radford, Virginia.

GEORGE SANDYS

GEORGE SANDYS—a faithful servant of the Virginia Company, a wealthy gentleman, a poet of no slight merit, who, in the forests of Virginia, amid the incursions and alarms of the year sixteen hundred and twenty-one, made his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*,

THE FIRST FRUITS OF LITERATURE IN NORTH AMERICA.

Mary Johnson Ten

Richmond.

THE WRITERS OF VIRGINIA

MEN die, but their deeds live after them enshrined in imperishable treasure-houses of minstrelsy, song and story, and so—

Here's to the men and women who have built for Virginia a treasure house of magic word and immemorial thought.

Who have searched the world for jewels for its adorning;

Who have contemplated life under many climes and conditions to put here the triumphs of such reveries;

Who have remembered the dreams that inspired Virginia's planting, the romance that enveloped her growth;

Who have held in heart the achievements of her great men, the valor of her soldiers, the beauty of her old life, the bravery of her new;

Who have immortalized the tragedy of her heart-break, the death-gloom of her sorrow, the splendor of her resurrection;

Who have lifted glad eyes to the place of her tree-clad mountains, her joyous fields and her sunny, wave-kissed shores;

And who, of all this, by the strength and witchery of record and rhyme, of history, romance and poem, have builded a myriad-windowed temple of letters, exquisite, luminous, enduring, a lasting memorial for all the world to see.

TO THE WRITERS OF VIRGINIA.

Anne Pendleton

Richmond.

TO A TRIO OF VIRGINIA ARTISTS

Who have thrown upon glowing canvas the Old Dominion's past, and by artistic and vivid portrayal of life in the Olden Days have preserved to all time the chivalry and charm, the poetry and romance of Old Virginia. Who have added

JEWELS TO VIRGINIA'S CROWN,

and earned, besides word-fame, a deep and abiding place in the esteem and affections of all Virginians, while ennobling humanity by their lofty standards and high ideals.

In the wine of the olden days let us drink

To Thomas Nelson Page!

To Ellen Glasgow!

To Mary Johnston!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

VIRGINIA'S POET PRINCESS, AMÉLIE OF ALBEMARLE

WHILE the world is toasting the dusky princess of James-town,

THE VIRGINIA PRINCESS OF LONG AGO,

I lift my glass to the Princess of Castle Hill,

THE FAIR VIRGINIA PRINCESS OF NOW.

Child of Genius! Ardent, beautiful, whose soul has sounded the mysteries of life, the deeps of passion; whose inner vision sweeps ever widening fields of thought, kens ever finer harmonies—Poet Princess—thy loved Virginia drinks to Thee.

To Thee and to that larger Fame the Future holds for Thee in store!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

OUR MOTHER

“HERE’S to the Union, both in song and in story;
May she never lack arms in defense of her glory;
Here’s to each star, which stands for a State
In our Union so strong, in our nation so great;
But here’s to our Mother, it is no more opinion,
She gave away States from the Ancient Dominion;
Here’s to the birthplace of Washington and Lee,
The home of the brave and the land of the free;
Here’s to the source of our purest emotion,
Here’s to Virginia—from mountain to ocean.”

CHARLES T. LASSITER.

Petersburg.

ONWARD, PROUD VIRGINIA!

VIRGINIA'S history's Golden,
Her Past to her Sons has been told;
That Past will always be with her,
The Future she now must unfold.

High raise your proud head, O Virginia!
Forward! your battle-cry be;
The future is yours for the making,
GLORIOUS FOR YOU AND FOR ME!

C. E. FISHER.

Chicago.

THE NEW VIRGINIA

SHE does not gaze unwillingly, nor too complacently, upon old years, and dares concede that but with loss of manliness may any man encroach upon the heritage of a dog or of a trotting-horse, and consider the exploits of an ancestor to guarantee an innate and personal excellence.

To her all former glory is

LESS A JEWEL THAN A TOUCHSTONE,

and with her portion of it, daily she appraises her own doing, and without vain speech. For her high past unparalleled, she values now, in chief, as fit foundation of that edifice whereon she labors day by day, and with augmenting strokes.

James Branch Cabell

Richmond.

VIRGINIA REAWAKENED

THY Golden Age is yet to be. Giants hadst thou in the days of old, but thy race of giants is not yet dead. Into the footsteps of the fathers the feet of a new generation are treading with sturdy yet reverent step.

The winter of thy discontent is over and the new blood of a vernal season is within thy breast. It is coursing through the veins of thy mountains. 'Tis running in the streams down hillsides. 'Tis singing in thy rivers that run to the sea.

From the mountains of the west to the laughing waves of the eastern shore the pulse of new-born energy is throbbing through thee.

Thou venerated Mother of States! Thou art moving in the march of progress with the sturdiest of thy daughters.

Thou art reborn to

A NEW DOMINION!

Rabbi Edward H. Lealisch

Richmond.

VIRGINIA REJUVENATA

GLORIOUS in thy history, but greater in thy hope—may the
house of thy future surpass even

THE TEMPLE OF THY PAST.

Rabbi Edward N. Kalisch

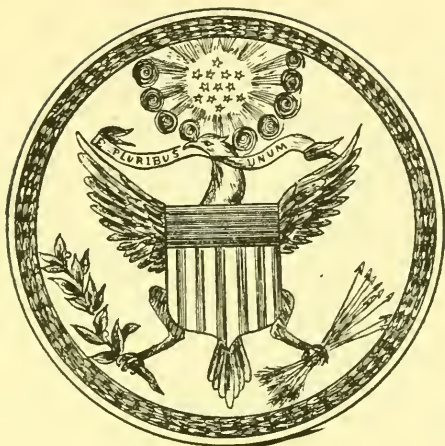
Richmond.

CHAPTER IV

OUR COUNTRY

THERE in no magic but merit.

Wm. L. Brewster



OUR NATION

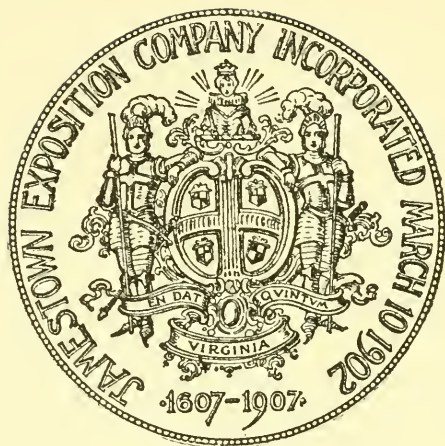
FROM the seed of popular government sown at Jamestown, culminating in the Constitution of the United States, has sprung

THE AMERICAN NATION,

of all the nations of the world the freest, the happiest and most admired.

L. L. Smith.

Richmond.

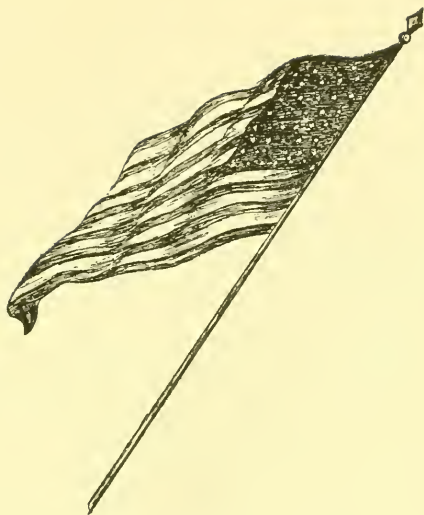


AMERICA

"OUR land, the first garden of Liberty's tree. It has been
and shall be

"THE LAND OF THE FREE."

President Jamestown Exposition and George Washington
University.



OLD GLORY

As memory turns the pages
And recalls the glorious past,
With its heroes and its sages
And the luster that they cast,
We will drink to grand "Old Glory"
In the wine of other days,
And recount the wondrous story,
The song of honest praise.

—SELECTED.

THE FLAG

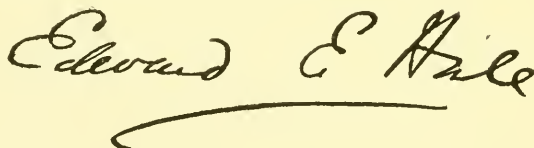
AND for the Flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though that service carry you through a thousand hells.

Remember, boy, that behind all those men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people, even, there is the country herself, your country, and that

YOU BELONG TO HER

as you belong to your own mother.

Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Edward E. Hale". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the text.

Once given by Dr. Hale to the Graduating Class at West Point for their motto.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE FLAG

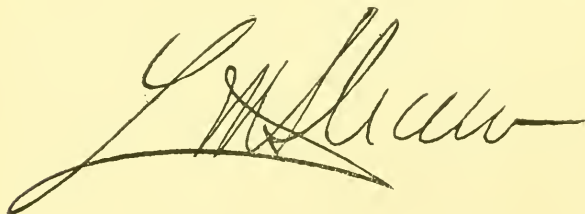
THE most favored land in the world can afford to be both just and generous, but, being just and generous both, it must with each generation answer to the good conscience for its conduct in the hour of opportunity.

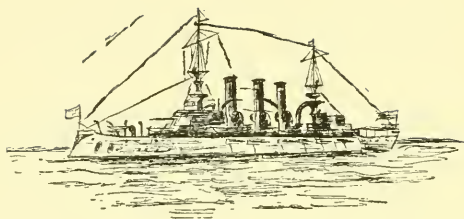
It is not enough for the islands of the sea that the flag shall float in their harbors for a few days and then withdraw. The spelling book and the new testament must be dropped

Beside each water course,
On every hilltop,
Through every defile,

and the schoolhouse, the church and the Blessings of American Liberty must be permitted to bring peace to every hamlet

AND SUNSHINE TO EVERY HOME.





THE NAVY

MAY it be in the future what it has been in the past,
THE SAFEGUARD OF OUR COUNTRY AND
THE DEFENDER OF OUR HOMES.

R. W. Evans

Admiral, U. S. N.

THE ARMY

I HOPE we may never have another war. But our experience in the past does not justify such a hope. It is our duty, therefore, if we would be wise in our generation, to make provision for a comparatively small regular army and efficient reserve of volunteers, and an adequate and coöperating force of State militia. In this way we shall follow closely the advice of Washington, given while he was President, in saying:

"There is rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.

"If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it.

"If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known, that we are, at all times, ready for war."

What the Father of His Country said in 1793, at the end of his first administration, is even truer of the situation of the country today, for we are very much nearer than the country was in his day to other nations of the world, and we have a rank which will certainly be withheld and lost by the reputation of weakness. Readiness for war is quite as effective an instrument to secure peace to-day as it was more than a century ago.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Rufus S. Lytle". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "R" and a long, sweeping underline.

THE ALMA MATER OF THE MEN WHO OFFICER OUR SHIPS

THE birthplace of the graduates of the Naval Academy is an immortality of fame. Their names will be as enduring as those of their ancestors, the early pioneers, in the noble profession they have chosen.

On the same page of history which records, in imperishable characters, the names and deeds of the heroes who have gone before, will be inscribed also those of the graduates who come after.

And when the future heroes of far-distant centuries shall turn back to that page for inspiration and look there for lessons of wisdom and virtue, and the future poet draw thence a noble theme for his aspiring muse, the names of the graduates of the Naval Academy shall not be passed by unnoticed.

AUGUSTUS PAUL COOKE,
Captain, U. S. A.

THE SOLDIER'S ALMA MATER

HERE, where resistlessly the river runs
Between majestic mountains to the sea,
The Patriots' watch-fires burned: Their constancy
Won Freedom as an heritage for their sons.
To keep that Freedom pure, inviolate,
Here are the Nation's children schooled in arts
Of peace, in disciplines of War; their hearts
Made resolute, their wills subordinate
To do their utmost duty at the call
Of this their Country, whatsoe'er befall.
Broadcast upon our History's ample page
The record of their valiant deeds are strewn.
Proudly their *Alma Mater* claims her own.
May she have sons like these from age to age!

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

United States Military Academy, West Point.

TO THE STATELY SISTERHOOD

Six and forty of them, sisters, and a buxom bunch they are,
Not a single one is bashful—each proclaims herself a star.
Alike in this, they differ every other way but one,
And that's a love for scrapping when their toes are trod upon.
Three and ten, though passé maidens, won't be laid upon the
shelf,
And each of all the young ones battles bravely for herself;
For one despises "duty," while another wants it high.
And one would fight the railroads, while another's "fighting shy;"
Some are for women voting, while some say "only men,"
And the ways they are contrary would exhaust a poet's pen.
They can't be made to marry, though a union they adore,
For they wouldn't leave each other for alliances galore,
We cannot understand 'em except about one thing,
Which is what they all agree on—

THEY WILL NEVER OWN A KING!

EDWIN A. HERNDON.

Lynchburg.

ONWARD, COLUMBIA

Loud the oppressed of the nations are calling,
Seeking the freedom for ages denied;
Restless the bondmen, with voices appalling,
Startle the strongholds of tyrannous pride.

Onward, Columbia, without hesitation,
Lifting "Old Glory" aloft to the skies;
Thou hast been called to a noble vocation—
Bid the oppressed of the nations arise.

Thou, O Columbia, art chosen of Heaven
Foremost of nations in liberty's fight;
Onward, and flashing thy cannon's red levin,
Hasten the fall of earth's tyrannous might.

F. V. N. PAINTER.

Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.

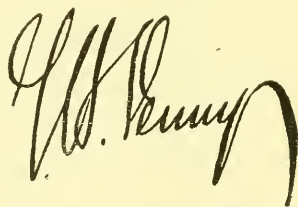
THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON

FATHER of His Country:

“First in War,
First in Peace,
First in the Hearts of His Countrymen!”

THE TYPICAL PATRIOT OF THE AGES.

The great exemplar of human freedom, of faith in men and devotion to the rights of men—the pattern after which the civic virtues of heroes have been fashioned. A name which will live among the greatest and noblest of all the ages.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read 'G. Washington'.

President.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.

TO THE MAN WHOSE NATAL DAY AMERICANS CELEBRATE

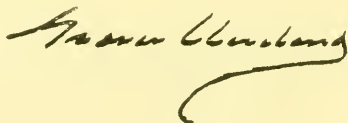
THE Twenty-second of February is a holiday that belongs exclusively to the American people. It memorizes the birth of one whose glorious deeds are transcendently above all others recorded in our national annals, and by so doing commemorates the incarnation of all the virtues and all the ideals that made our Nation possible.

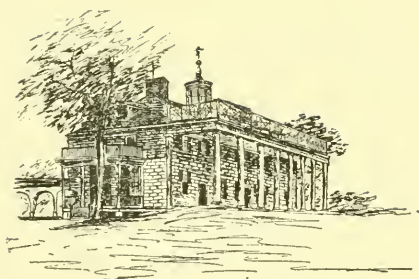
All that Washington did was bound up in our national destiny. The battles that he fought were fought for American Liberty, and the victories he won

GAVE US OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

His example of unselfish consecration, lofty patriotism and unfaltering faith in God made manifest as in an open book that those virtues were not more vital to our Nation's beginning than to its development and durability.

The American people need to-day the example and teaching of Washington no less than those who fashioned our Nation needed his labors and guidance.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "George Washington". The signature is written in a cursive style, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



THE FIRST "FIRST LADY OF THE LAND"

HERE'S to the Fascinating Widow who achieved what French and Indian hordes could not, nor yet King George and all his red-coat band—the unconditional surrender of

THE GREATEST WARRIOR ON THE CONTINENT!

Who captured, and held prisoner in the bonds of love all the days of his life.

THE INVINCIBLE WASHINGTON!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

A MODERN KNIGHT AND HIS LADIE FAIRE

President and Mrs. McKinley

To Gentle Lady as any of the Olden Time! To Knight as chivalrous and pure as ever graced King Arthur's Table Round! Theirs, a love as fair as poet's page has e'er adorned.

A tender Vine, trailed in the dust, alas! by ruthless hand that felled the noble Oak 'round which it twined! Reunited now—"Beyond the Portals" they dwell in peace and joy.

Ever hallowed will be the memory of their brave and beautiful lives in the tender traditions of our national life!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.



Copyright by G. A. Bell.

TO MRS. CLEVELAND

HERE'S to Mrs. Cleveland! The only President's wife who ever entered the White House a Bride!

NO FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

has worn her honors more gracefully; none shed greater luster on the title.

"SHE MOVED A QUEEN,"

a shining example of glorious womanhood. In the language of Mark Twain, in those halcyon days,

Here's to Mrs. Cleveland, "The Young,
The Beautiful, The Good-Hearted, The
Sympathetic, The Fascinating!"

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH"

REMEMBER that the Fourth of July gained its glory in America and in the world by reason of the enunciation on that date of an ideal, and not the realization of it.

That a bloody war required to gain a mere recognition of the principle of government by the people; that the application of the principle has been slow and incomplete; that difficulties greater than any in the past are to be overcome before that application can be made perfect.

That the ideal we identify with the Fourth is not as yet a consummation, but is still an aspiration: an aspiration which it will require centuries to turn into an abiding condition.

To cherish this ideal, this aspiration, to face these difficulties, to hasten this consummation—these are the noblest efforts of the best of the human race.

I would suggest a toast to the young men of to-day: May their pride in the Fourth never be dimmed; may the spirit of liberty then called forth, in their hands be never repressed or obscured by the lust for wealth or for conquest; may it be cherished and defended at every hazard, that the glory of the Fourth may be made everlasting.

Carter Glass.

Lyndeburg.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT

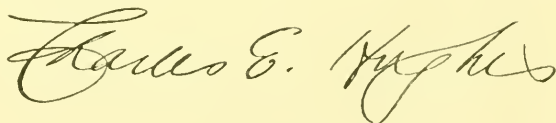
WE may properly congratulate ourselves upon the marvelous record of the nation's progress. With resistless energy the vast domain between the oceans has been developed, and its remotest parts have been knit together by mutual needs and the multifarious activities of an ever-increasing commerce.

. . . An unparalleled prosperity has blessed our efforts. And never has the sun shone upon a more industrious and happy people, enjoying to a larger degree equal rights and equal opportunities, than those who gather to-day under the Stars and Stripes to commemorate the birth of American liberty.

We stand in the presence of those related by blood to the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence. They rejoice in their distinguished lineage. But we are all the spiritual sons of these fathers of our liberties. We have a priceless heritage. . . .

This great country, populated with an intelligent people, animated by the loftiest ideals, presents unexampled opportunity.

May we be worthy of our birthright, and so deal with the problems confronting this generation that we may transmit to our children a still larger boon, and that they, enjoying even to a greater degree equality of opportunity, may find still better secured the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Charles E. Hughes". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the caption.

In Fourth-of-July address at the Jamestown Exposition.

TO EXPANSION

UNCLE SAM is tall and slim,
Uncle Sam is long of limb.
The reason why? 'Tis plain as day.
Uncle Sam was built this way
That he might reach Manila Bay—
When Duty called—without delay.

To Uncle Sam, so tall and slim,
To Uncle Sam, so long of limb,
His Dusky Babe beside the Bay
Seems only step or two away,—
And taught how Christian "Kids" behave
Now coos to him across the wave.

One hand on the cradle across the sea,
The other at the helm of the U. S. A.,
He guides the Ship of State
The easiest way.
Ah, yes, 'tis plain as brightest day
Why Uncle Sam was built this way.

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

THE AMERICA OF TODAY

IN the three hundred years which have elapsed since the founding of Jamestown, we have made a national history, every page of which is illumined with courage, heroism, success and hope.

Freedom of action and opportunity have brought us a wonderful material wealth. Our wealth to-day is greater than that of any other nation. From an agricultural people we have become the greatest manufacturing people in the world, the products of our factories exceeding those of Britain and continental Europe combined. Our mines now furnish the world more than half its mineral wealth. Rich plains, over which herds of wild buffaloes wandered, are now the granaries of the world. Cotton has become king of plants, and the world's comfort and clothing are dependent upon the white fields of the South.

In mechanical appliances and inventions our people have achieved wonders more astonishing than any of which alchemists ever dreamed. We occupy the foremost place in the world's commerce, our exports now exceeding those of Britain. Recently we have become supreme in finance, our banking capital being the greatest of any nation. The world's financial heart now throbs in New York, and its pulsations affect the world. Instead of three small ships—Susan Constant, Godspeed and Discovery—which landed the colonists here, we now have a navy second only to Great Britain, and which we propose to increase until it shall equal that of any.

Nor has our phenomenal development been confined to material things. Education and Christianity have kept pace with our wonderful industrial progress. We have created a national literature, distinctive and creditable, and which in the same length of time has never been equaled. It is true, we have not yet reached the highest elevation, but with time and patience, we will climb the dizzy heights of learning and genius. Freedom of thought and opportunity will in time give us amazing intellectual wealth.

Claude A. Surnon.

Richmond.

Governor.

In Tercentenary Address, Jamestown Island, May 13, 1907.

TO OUR PRESIDENT

Who holds Conviction high above the carpings or plaudits of the multitude.

A Servant of the People—manly, fearless, resolute, disinterested.

A Pioneer of Reform, blazing a trail in the dread domains of corporate encroachment.

Soul of honor in every relation of life, public and private, and Winner of Fame in varied fields of endeavor.

An Idol of the People, regardless of section, regardless of party affiliation.

One of the most illustrious leaders of all time, and of all earth's rulers to-day—the strongest, the bravest, the most powerful and respected.

HERE'S TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.



PETS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

HERE'S to a brace of birds high in favor with the present
Master of the White House—

THE STORK AND THE ALBEMARLE WILD TURKEY!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

I PREACH to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace; if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world.

Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully, resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only thru strife, thru hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win to the goal of true national greatness.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE MIGHTY WEST

THE Mighty West! I love it best,
'Tis not so "Wild and Woolly,"
Our Teddy Boy, our Greatest Joy,
He always calls it "Bully."

The Mighty West! I love it best,
'Tis there they make things hurry;
No loit'ring there, no sloven's share,
'Tis stir and spur and scurry.

The Mighty West! I love it best,
Out there they keep things moving;
'Tis where they work from morn till night,
They always are improving.

Of sentiment they also have
"Right Much" and more a-coming;
Yet? Notwithstanding? If? and But?
They WORK, and keep things humming.

The Mighty West! I love it best,
The Great Rich West we hear of.
The man who cannot make his way,
That Mighty West steer clear of.

C. E. FISHER.

Chicago.

TO THE INDIVIDUAL CITIZEN

THE corner stone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man, paying no heed to his creed, his birthplace, or his occupation, asking not whether he is rich or poor, whether he labors with head or hand; asking only whether he acts decently and honorably in the various relations of his life, whether he behaves well to his family, to his neighbors, to the State. . . .

This great republic of ours shall never become the government of a plutocracy, and it shall never become the government of a mob. God willing, it shall remain what our fathers who founded it meant it to be—a government in which each man stands on his worth as a man, where each is given the largest possible liberty consistent with securing the well-being of the whole, and where, so far as in us lies, we strive continually to secure for each man such equality of opportunity that in the strife of life he may have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him. . . .

For we believe that if the average of character in the individual citizen is sufficiently high, if he possesses those qualities which make him worthy of respect in his family life and in his work outside, as well as the qualities which fit him for success in the hard struggle of actual existence,—that if such is the character of our individual citizenship, there is literally no height of triumph unattainable in this vast experiment by, of, and for a free people.

Theodore Roosevelt

In Opening Address at the Exposition, April 26, 1907.

THE NATIONAL GAME

Look we now on seven ages—
Six are past and one still here,
On we march by steady stages,
A little forward every year.
Heroic age, when spirits bold
Undaunted blazed the way;
Romantic, when the dames of old
And cavaliers held sway;
Then glory's age, when freedom won,
Became our right divine,
Then age of Gold 'neath Western sun
Appeared in '49.
Time sped us on to Cuba's aid,
To rescue her from Spain—
A knightly quest 'twas we assayed,
'Twas chivalry again.

Learn we of these, but they are small
Compared to this good day,
For now the patriots all play ball
Or pine to see the fray.
It's Casey at
The spot called "bat"
And see him swat the sphere
And hear us shout,
As he hits out
The home run of the year.
Read we the past, but now's the age
Evokes our vocal powers—
The diamond age is all the rage
And thrills this land of ours.

EDWIN A. HERNDON.

Lynchburg.

AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD

No piled-up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense and decency; . . . unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother . . .

There are certain old truths which will be true as long as this world endures, and which no amount of progress can alter. One of these is the truth that the primary duty of the husband is to be the home-maker, the bread-winner for his wife and children, and that the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmeet, the housewife and mother. . . .

On the whole I think the duty of the woman the more important, the more difficult, and the more honorable of the two. . . . The woman who is a good wife, a good mother, is entitled to our respect as is no one else.

Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of the generations to come after us. . . . The woman's task is not easy—no task worth doing is easy—but in doing it and when she has done it, there shall come to her the highest and holiest joy known to mankind.

. . . . she will have the reward prophesied in scripture; for her husband and her children, yes, and all people who realize that her work lies at the foundation of all national happiness and greatness, shall rise up and call her blessed.

Theodore Roosevelt

TO OUR BEAUTIES AND BELLES

HERE, dusky Matoaka, we drink first to you,
With pity so tender, and friendship so true;
And Evelyn Byrd, with your pride and your fame,
The belle of two countries, who ne'er changed her name;
To the Mary and Martha of Washington's time
We bow low our heads and salute you in rhyme.
Dolly Madison's wit in the White House hall,
Parke Perkins, the Queen of Centennials ball.
The "Gibson girl" too, with form so divine,
All, All, we now hail of Virginia's line.
But the beauties that raise our glasses higher
Are our girls of to-day that we all so admire.

JULIA MAGRUDER TYLER OTEY.

Walnut Hill, Va.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

HERE'S to Mrs. Roosevelt! Rich of sympathy and intuition, large of vision—worthy comrade in the mental life of a great intellectual leader.

IDEAL WIFE AND MODEL OF MATERNITY!

The peer of any queen in dignity and poise, whether doing the honors of the White House

AS HOSTESS TO ROYALTY,
or cooking breakfast at Pine Knot, down in Albemarle!

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.



THE PIONEERS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

MEN are educated more by the eye than by the ear.

We read history, the history of our own country and of one's own people. We listen to eloquent speakers on this inspiring subject. But it is naught compared with the effect upon a thoughtful mind of the study of the early map of our country.

There the eye takes in what the mind refused to grasp, the wonderful expansion of that which is now an almost boundless empire, from the narrow inhabited strip bordering the Atlantic.

Not territory alone is suggested by this expansion:

POWER!

The power of arms,

Of statesmanship,

Of political acumen,

Of well-established commerce,

Of wealth,

Of social prestige,

But, above all, the power of educated thought. I give you then, and let us lift high our cups, high into the free air,

THE PIONEERS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION!

who nurtured and matured the National mind and made our country

GOD'S COUNTRY.

JULIA M. WOODS.

Martinsburg, West Virginia.

LITERATURE

THERE is but one fundamental question for Americans, and that is whether they are to keep their souls alive.

Idealism is not a vision of the poets; it is the real come to perfection. The only honest man is the idealist, for no man is honest save he who puts into his work the best that is within him, regardless of the wage he receives.

We never grow old so long as the spirit is young, and the great books feed the fountains of life. Vitality and freshness are the qualities of all great literature. We renew our youth by companionship with great books.

Hamilton W. Mabie

Outlook.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

To the American men and American women who compel us to look up, and not down! Literature may be This—and it may be That! We praise it, and praise it, and are grateful for it—when it tells us what the writer has seen or done or is. It is unhelp when it only tells us *how* such things should be described.

There is no style worth a straw unless the writer
HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

Edward E Hale

VINDICATION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

THE PEOPLE : Their rule in a representative Republic is, with all its faults, far better than autocracy, with all its virtues.

Compare the men whom the people of the United States have chosen as Presidents, with an equal number of hereditary monarchs of any other nation, and self-government in comparison finds its incarnate vindication.

John W. Davis

United States Senate.

A SHIRK'S TOAST

MADAME, a toast you ask? I feel like quoting

"SIR, THE TOAST BE 'DEAR WOMAN,'"

for verily I can not do it.

You know what the Shirk said to the Laggard, "Do not thou entreat me, seeing that the thing you ask is both difficult and impossible.

"FIND SOME OTHER VICTIM."

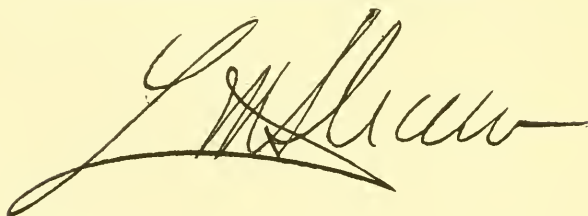
Believe me full of grief because of an empty head.

S. W. Minchey

OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE

WHEN our territory shall all be improved,
Our desert-places made to blossom as the rose,
Our mineral wealth developed,
And all our power utilized,
may our eighty millions of people, then multiplied many
times, bear witness anew to the great truth that

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "L. M. Shaw". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the text.

THE SHIP OF STATE

"SAIL on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee,—

"ARE ALL WITH THEE!"

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER V

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

UNDER the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

THE stern arbitrament of war has fixed for all time the status of a perpetual *Union*: Let us hope that it will ever be composed of co-equal States in patriotic accord, with the memory of fratricidal strife obliterated, and only the glory of heroic deeds performed by

THOSE WHO WORE THE BLUE
and
THOSE WHO WORE THE GRAY

treasured up in the sacred traditions of the whole American people.

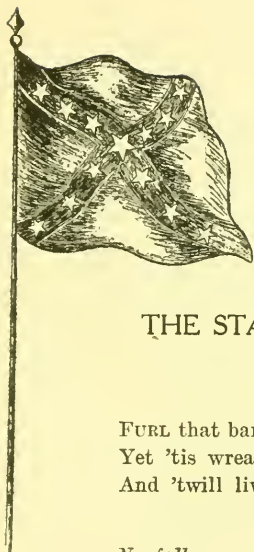
STITH BOLLING,
Major General Commanding United Confederate Veterans.
Petersburg.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

"**FLAG** of the free-heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!"

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.





THE STARS AND BARS

FURL that banner! True, 'Tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory;
And 'twill live in song and story.

FATHER RYAN.

Norfolk.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

As a conqueror, he was one of the greatest and most magnanimous that the world has known. As a man, he was the kind that the world loves to remember and talk about—

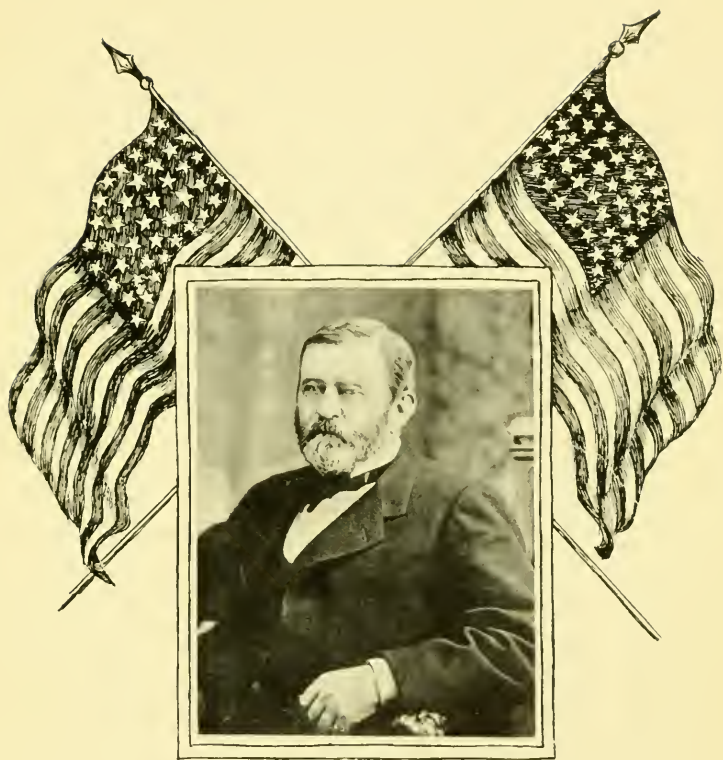
Loyal to his friends,
Forgiving to his foes,
Calm in the face of danger,
Firm in the hour of decision,
Modest and unassuming in his daily life,
Loving and tender in his home,

A LEADER WHEN HE LED,

a hero when called upon to face either danger, disaster or death. And as time goes on, while the words

HONOR, DUTY, COURAGE, FAITH, SIMPLICITY,
mean anything, so long will the world reverence and uplift the name and fame of Ulysses S. Grant.

ELDRIDGE S. BROOKS.



ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO LEE

I JOIN with you in honoring the life and career of that great soldier and high-minded citizen, whose fame is now a matter of pride to all our countrymen.

Terrible tho the destruction of the Civil War was, awful tho it was that such a conflict should occur between brothers, it is yet a matter for gratitude on the part of all Americans that this, alone among contests of like magnitude, should have left to both sides as a priceless heritage the memory of the mighty men and the glorious deeds that the iron days brought forth. The courage and steadfast endurance, the lofty fealty to the right as it was given to each man to see the right, whether he wore the gray or whether he wore the blue, now make the memories of the valiant feats, alike of those who served under Grant and of those who served under Lee, precious to all good Americans. General Lee has left us the memory, not merely of his extraordinary skill as a general, his dauntless courage and high leadership in campaign and battle, but also of that serene greatness of soul characteristic of those who most readily recognize the obligations of civic duty. Once the war was over, he instantly undertook the task of healing and binding up the wounds of his countrymen, in the true spirit of those who feel malice toward none and charity toward all; in that spirit which from the throes of the Civil War brought forth the real and indissoluble Union of to-day.

Theodore Roosevelt

LINCOLN

HIS birth was not heralded by pomp and ceremony. The entire world mourned at his bier.

He loved liberty, and so loved it that he wished that all men might be free.

He loved the American flag, and so loved it that he wished that no stain should rest upon it, and that all the children of men might stand upright in the enjoyment of the priceless jewel of freedom.

He comprehended within the ample scope of his purpose freedom to all, irrespective of race and condition.

Charles W. Fairbanks

TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

A SOUTHERN gentleman, of distinguished bearing and gentle chivalry. A gallant soldier, brilliant orator and highly gifted statesman.

Secretary of War under Pierce, and the "Power Behind the Throne" of the Administration.

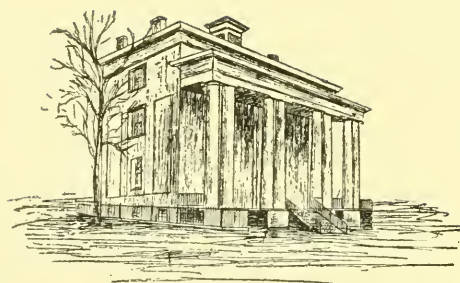
One of the most distinguished Exponents of Southern Thought,

FIRST AND ONLY PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY!

Serving with disinterested devotion the people who had called him to the helm, and bearing the burdens of the Confederacy with silent uncomplaining; in defeat, he became the vicarious Sufferer of the South, meeting the humiliations visited upon him with the bravest dignity and patience.

A leader of high integrity, of spotless public and private life and lovable traits of character—his name will ever be cherished in the South with loyal and tender affection.

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.



THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY

To what thou wast, Old House!
To all that has passed from sight,
To the dreams of the dead—the visions fled,
I lift my glass to-night.

And I drink to thee, Old House,
As home of my Nation's head!
A nation whose life was bitter with strife,
And now is counted dead!

Slowly I drink, Old House,
Silent and standing—I raise
To my lips the glass while before me pass
The wraiths of other days.

I love thee well, Old House!
And with rosemary in my heart,
For the dear dead's sake my glass I break
To what thou wert—and art!

Kate Langley Boshart

Richmond.

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM

FIRST it ranked high among the hospitable homes of old Richmond, a stage for many a brilliant scene and distinguished players.

Then the "whirligig of Time" with a tragic turn hurled it into the pages of history as

"THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY."

For a few years a painful memory, then woman's zeal and woman's fidelity made it the place of wonderful and touching interest it now is. Each room tells its own tale, and the conjuror, Imagination, brings before us the whole gallery of pictures. War, with its glory and its horrors; victory and defeat, privation, death's harvest-time, all that gory war brings in its train, and above all,

COURAGE, HIGH AND ENDURING.

A wonderful monument in itself, and all this made possible by the women of the South.

NORA L. C. SCOTT.

Radford, Virginia.

TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

THE Capital of the Old Dominion and of
The Confederate States of America.
The Forum of Statesmen for Generations.
To take her and defend her,
Hundreds of thousands of America's bravest
Fought four years, and
Tens of thousands laid down their lives.
When she fell—the whole South fell with her.
She now holds the hearts of the loyal living,
And the ashes of the heroic dead.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Jo Bryan". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main text of the poem.

Richmond.

“STONEWALL ” JACKSON

OUTWARDLY Jackson was not a stone wall. He was
An Avalanche from an Unexpected Quarter,
A Thunder-bolt from a Clear Sky.
And yet, in character and will he was more like a stone wall
than any man I have ever known.

In the two years of his military career, he made a record
of campaigns without a mistake, and of battles, in a just sense,
without defeat; winning, in this brief time,

The Confidence of his Superiors,
The Worship of his Troops,
The Wonder and Admiration of the World.

Military Critics, Von Moltke among the number, pronounce
Jackson's Shenandoah Campaign the finest example of strategy
in the world's history.

Religion was everything to Jackson—it was the man himself.
And as the years go by, he rises into the ranks of the

SOLDIER SAINTS OF HISTORY.

JAMES POWER SMITH.

Aide-de-Camp to Jackson.

Richmond.

WOLSELEY'S TRIBUTE TO LEE

EVERY incident of my visit to General Lee is indelibly stamped on my memory. He was the greatest general, and, to me, seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with, and I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Bismarck.

General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed me with their natural and inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the

Majesty of his manly bearing,
The genial, winning grace,
The sweetness of his smile, and
The impressive dignity of his
Old-fashioned style of address

come back to me among the most cherished of my recollections.

HIS GREATNESS MADE ME HUMBLE.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY,
Field Marshal of England.

LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

One of Those Rare Spirits
which a few times only have appeared in human history!

The South's present estimate of Lincoln is so high—his
life, character and achievements, that we of the South unite
with our brethern of the North in placing him with Washington
at the forefront of illustrious men whose lives and careers

ADORN THE PAGES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Norton C. Blanchard

Governor of Louisiana.

THE OLD SOUTH

HER Ivory Palaces have been destroyed; but Myrrh, Aloes
and Cassia still breathe among her dismantled ruins.

W. W. Chapman

TO SOUTHERN WOMEN

By the work of her hands she has reared shafts of granite and marble and bronze in a hundred cities and hamlets of the South, to tell to the coming ages of the chivalry and courage of our valorous dead.

Her tender ministrations to the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and her patient work in supplying want

ENSHRINE HER IN THE HEARTS
of every true son and daughter of the South.

J. Hoge Tyler.

Ex-Governor.

East Radford, Virginia.

TO UNMARKED CONFEDERATE GRAVES

SILENTLY we drink the toast to the memory of those whose
uncoffined dust lies somewhere in the stillness of earth,

OUR BRAVE CONFEDERATE DEAD,

who sleep in graves unmarked save on some suffering heart,
and unadorned by flower or marble shaft, whose very silence
and self-effacement tells the courage

WHICH NO HUMAN LIPS CAN SPEAK.

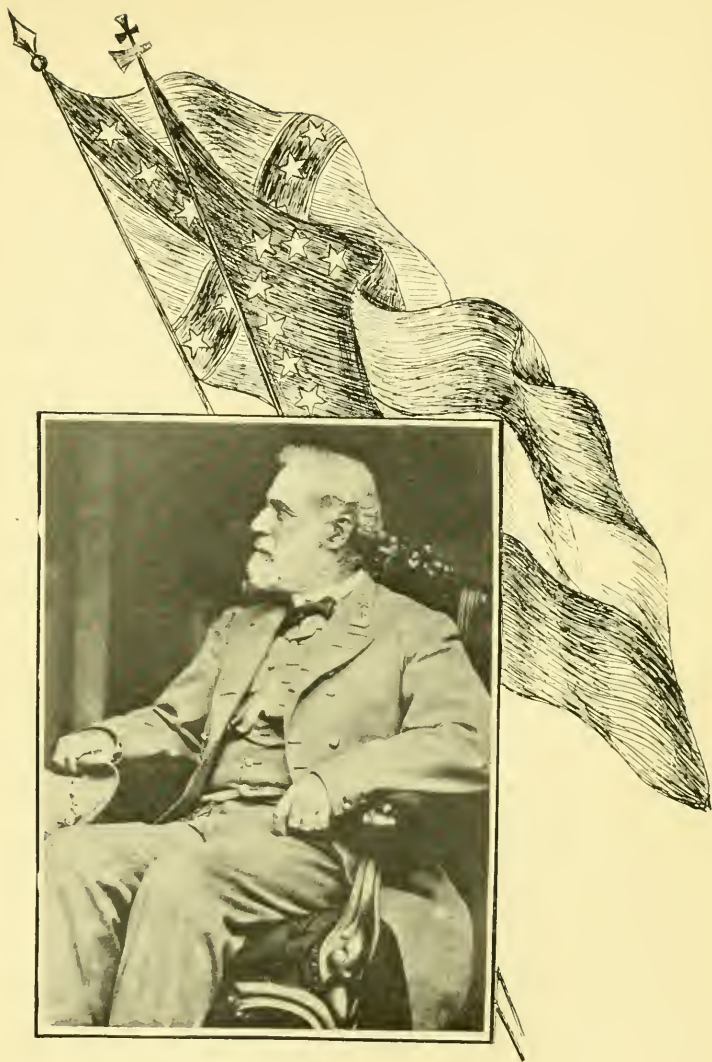
SUE HAMMET TYLER.

East Radford, Virginia.

LEE AS A SOLDIER

THE world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth—and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington.

Theodore Roosevelt



THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

HERE'S to the Memory of the heroes who at the cannon's
mouth gave up all in life save Honor.

THE TRUEST OF THE TRUE,

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE,

The Confederate Soldier.

LUCY LEE HILL MACGILL.

Pulaski, Virginia.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

THE virtues and graces of the beautiful and accomplished Women of the South have gilded its memories through every generation

WITH UNFADING SPLENDOR.

WILLIAM H. STEWART,
Grand Commander United Confederate Veterans.

Norfolk.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY

HAIL to the riders of the South
Who 'neath that banner fought
Which lowered in disaster now
Is yet with glory fraught.

The horsemen who with Stuart rode
Around the hostile ranks;
Or charged with Ashby at their head
By Shenandoah's banks.
To those who fought with Fitzhugh Lee;
Who followed Hampton's plume,
And made the Old Dominion's soil
With added laurels bloom.

The men who sped at Morgan's side
Like hawks upon the wing
And crossed the broad Ohio's tide
To teach invasion's sting.
The troopers who by Forrest led
On many a march and fray,
Through every danger found a path
Or made themselves a way.

And those who never backward looked
When Wheeler bade them go;
And those who o'er Missouri's plains
With Shelby chased the foe.
The rapid dash of Mosby's band
Upon the camp at night;
And Terry's rangers rushing on
In thunder to the fight.

And still in many a Southern home
The Story will be told
Of how they dared the battle's wrath
In the brave days of old.

BASIL W. DUKE.

Louisville, Kentucky.

LEE

WERE I asked to name the most characteristic feature of this Idol of the South, my answer would be, "A complete absence of the melodramatic in all that he said and did."

All who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance at once recognized a character in which were blended

THE NOBLEST QUALITIES OF MIND AND HEART.

Edward V. Valentine

Richmond.

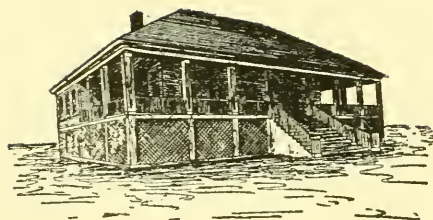
THE VALENTINE STATUE OF LEE

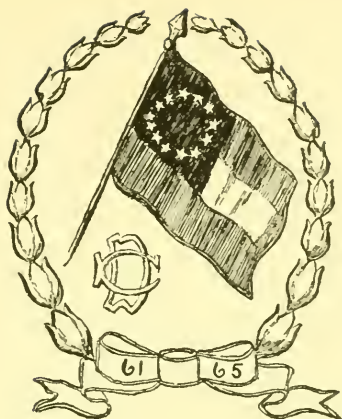
“As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams,” so lies the matchless Lee—

MAJESTIC AND SERENE!

The masterpiece of a genius dear to the Southland, and honored the world around for the matchless marble that will forever entwine the fame of Robert Edward Lee and Edward Valentine.

JULIA WYATT BULLARD.





UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: That body of women who, when the South had arisen from its ashes and desolation, banded themselves together to bind up the wounds of war,—building homes and establishing pensions for those who had given themselves and all they had for the Confederacy; erecting monuments to departed Confederate heroes; seeing that the children of the South were taught unbiased facts of history, and that new material was gathered and preserved for history yet unwritten.

The Southland bears abundant evidence of the labors of love performed by these devoted women; and the kindly aid that has come to them from men and women of the North must bind us closer and still closer as one people.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy: May they ever go forward with longer strides in their work and still greater love in their hearts **FOR A REUNITED COUNTRY!**

Elizabeth Gay Anderson

President-General United Daughters Confederacy.
Greenwood, Mississippi.

AN AMERICAN HERO

THE public men of this country are those who shape its destinies and inspire its ethical life. Among the educational forces of this country none is superior to General Lee himself. He is no longer one of the heroes of the South, but of America.

HIS STAINLESS LIFE

was worth more than millions to the cause of education. The time is coming when the statue of General Lee will stand in the cities of the North as well as of the South, and it is already ripe for this recognition of his greatness.

Hamilton W. Mabie

The Outlook.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

RESTRAINED in Victory, he wore Defeat as 't were a Laurel Wreath.

Charles F. Adams

"STONEWALL" JACKSON

To the man who is the recognized military genius of the war between the States!

He impersonated Saxon grit, which is the story of a thousand years.

His faith was that of the Scotch Covenanter; and whether he prayed or fought, he was dead in earnest.

In all the struggles of millions of men, on thousands of battlefields, no figure stands out more preëminently than he.

He had the soundest judgment. He kept his own counsel and struck where least expected.

"He was inspired," said General Ewell, and he inspired his troops to follow his lead without a question. They fought as he fought—like tigers.

Call the rolls of the battlefields on which victory perched upon his banners! Hero of First Manassas, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, Bristoe Station, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.

SUCH IS "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

SELDEN LONGLEY.

Radford, Virginia.

THE OLD CANTEEN

OLD and battered and grim and rusty,
Lonely it hangs on the wall to-day.
Never a soldier had a friend so trusty,
In the weary camp and the bloody fray.
Oft 'twas dipped in the wandering river,
That sang to the seas so far away,
Now the old friend 's off duty forever,
Comrade staunch of a boy in gray.

Silent? Yes, but it tells a story,
Only for these old ears of mine;
Oft we went to the fields of glory,
Into the shadow and out in the shine.
Soon I'll be with my comrades sleeping,
Where the roses bloom and the grass is green,
Then on the wall, its vigils keeping,
Will dangle alone the old canteen.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

Casstown, Ohio.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS

As long as they live we will love them and honor them. When they "cross over the river," may they "rest under the shade of the trees."

MRS. WM. R. MCKENNEY,
President Virginia Division United Daughters Confederacy.

Petersburg,

TO VIRGINIA'S SONS

VIRGINIA'S Sons, of Val'rous deed,
Virginia's men of olden time,
Their blood was shed on battle-field,
Felled were they like oak and pine.

To them their cause seemed Just and True,
To them their State deserved their lives;
Would it be the same, 'twere I or You?
In righteous strife the True Man strives.

C. E. FISHER.

Chicago.

ARLINGTON

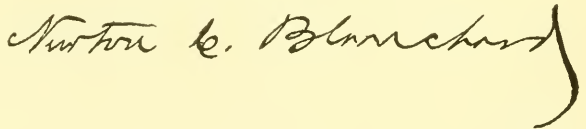
A DISTINGUISHED Frenchman, meditating amidst the graves of the soldiers of both sides at Arlington National Cemetery, said:

“Only a Great people is capable of a Great Civil War.”

I would add that “Only a great People is capable of a Great Reconciliation.”

Let us, People of the North and People of the South, prove additionally our claim to greatness by the

GREATNESS OF OUR RECONCILIATION.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Newton K. Blanchard". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the title "Governor."

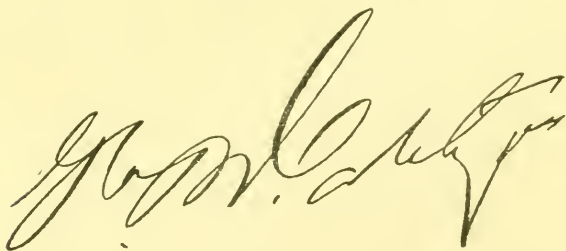
Governor.

Baton Rouge.

NATIONAL UNITY

REUNITED in the bonds of National fraternity, all sections of our beloved country now march shoulder to shoulder in the great forward movement of our people toward the achievement of their splendid destiny.

God grant that the spirit of fraternity may grow deeper and ever deeper, in this fair land of ours, and that distinctions of class, unjust discriminations as between man and man, the exactions of greed, and the sophistries of the demagogue may find no lodgment in the hearts of our people.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, likely belonging to Woodrow Wilson, positioned below the main text.

L' ENVOI

My heart's desire and prayer to God is that when the gates of this Exposition shall be closed in November next,

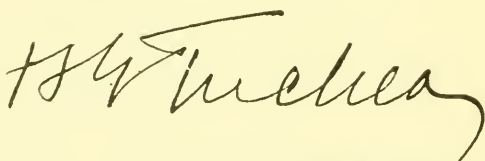
And the fleets of the world, which gracefully ride these waters, shall have turned their prows homeward,

That all the nations of the earth here represented, with mutual respect and admiration increased and strengthened by their mutual intercourse, may be cemented by the ties of an

EVERLASTING FRIENDSHIP

that shall encircle the earth in one continuous band of unity and peace; and that those of our people who have gathered here from every part of the United States, for the purpose of kindling anew the fires of liberty in their hearts from these ancient altars, or with open hearts to renew the friendships of olden days, may with one heart and one voice joyfully unite in the aspiration of Massachusetts' great orator:

"Liberty and Union
One and Inseparable, Now and Forever."

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "H. W. Tucker". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end.

President Jamestown Exposition Co.

In address delivered Opening Day, April 26, 1907.

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